

# SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

**Issue N°16**

**Fetish Art  
& Fashion**

**The international  
fetish & SM scene**

**Self restraint by  
Jim Stewart**

**Drawings by  
Duncan Gutteridge**

**The slave  
manual V**

**Interview:  
Michael Manning  
Lady Latex**

**Bondage:  
Hogtie position**

**Corsets for men?**

**S&M is a  
sophisticated game**

**Pictures by  
Del Valle  
John Dietrich  
Housk Randall  
Fetish Art  
Trevor Baker**



# Patrice Catanzaro Créations



**Bureaux et Show-room  
1 Rue de la Bourse  
75002 Paris**

**tél: +33.(0)1 55 04 81 00  
Fax: +33(0)1 42 96 81 11**

**A la recherche de Distributeurs Internationaux**



Photo by John Dietrich - Lola Art Publishing Ltd.  
www.birmingham.co.uk/lola

Secret Magazine is published by Glitter Spri, Galerie du Centre, Bureau 201, Bloc 2, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. No mail please.

Editor/publisher/art director: Jürgen Boedt.

Layout: Thin White Duke

Contributors to this issue: Ann Grogan, Kate G. Berg, Bishop, Brian M. Viveros, Behrend Muller, Lady Latex, Christophe Mourthé, John Dietrich, Michael Manning, Midori, Jay Wiseman, Hera S. Bell, Trevor Jacques, Del Valle, J G-Leathers Canada, Andreas Dietze, Housk Randall, Fetish Art, Trevor Baker, Catherine (Boutique MINUIT), George (Arkel piercing), Alain Willemyns, Jacques Leurquin & Duvel, Jacques Kleiman (Alt Plaisir), and you, our readers, of course! Thank you for your support! (if I forgot somebody, sorry about that...)

All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

**SECRET MAGAZINE**  
P.O.Box 1400  
1000 Brussels 1  
Belgium

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with \*.dfl files on PC compatible disks. Also, Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3 is now finished and will hit the stores soon, so ask for it!!!

Shops and stores! We need to find better distribution, so if you want to order directly from us, please do so! If anybody out there knows somebody good, then please write...

Overseas dealers: Spartacus (USA): 1.714.971.9877 - Last Gasp (USA): 1.415.824.6636 - Azzio (Japan) 81.3.3356.9267 - ZBF (Germany) 49.611.22071 - SCALA (Holland) 31.20.682.89.00 - Australia: Kayser Novelty: 61.2606.0002

# Editorial

Freedom of expression. The slogan of our magazine. If we would all take care of our own well being and listen more, this world would be a better place to live.

As some of you know, Secret Magazine is based in Brussels, Belgium and some might think that we have more freedom of expression than lets say England. Well, in a point that is true, but on the other side, we never know if tomorrow I will still be able to publish the magazine. Uncertainty has become part of my life, and the scandals of dioxide in our food, will not ease my sentiments about the people who think they govern us. They don't know what they are doing. Most of them go into politics to make money, not to care about our children or our health. Money makes this world go round. I have always wondered why mankind has had this obsession about money and power.

War in Europe, bombings on a Chinese embassy that could have created World War III, bombs on hospitals, children massacred, poison in our food and drinks... what is this world coming to?

When I was writing to a very dear friend of mine, Hera S. Bell (better known as Princess Sheeba) about love/hate situations she wrote me back the following: "The feeling of hate comes from few sources. Personal insecurities create jealousies, therefore they manifest through a certain form of hate. Sometimes powerful and violent feeling of selfish love (more of an immature love in this case) when neglected by the other party, can also create a violent hate. But over all, the feeling of hate has its biggest source. It arises from insecurities.

If everyone learned how to love the person as a "whole" being, we would have less frustrated lonely beings on earth. I believe that some hearts can carry lots of love towards few people at the same time. These fortunate people know how to manage their love for others within their soul without any apparent self confusion and pain."

How true this is.

We still have a lot to do before we die. We still have a lot to learn before we die. But I'm not afraid of dying. Everybody will find his destiny one-day.

Now, enough of this. In this issue we have captured the excellence of a great artist, Michael Manning and many other good photographers and writers, but again I have very few mail from you readers. I wonder how that is?

Jürgen Boedt  
Editor

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher; Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

# News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



## Sumissa

Good S&M and leather magazine in Spanish has changed address. Find them at The Sumissa Factory, Pasaje Almeria, F3-9-3, Castilleja de la Cuesta, 41950 Sevilla, Spain.

## The Spanner Trust

Friends and Influence

The Spanner Trust is working with Liberty to lobby Parliament to change the law to legalise consensual SM.

To do this effectively we need to build up a database of people in positions of power and influence who might be sympathetic to our cause. We believe that it is essential to change the law distorted by the notorious "Spanner" ruling, (which means that a light, consensual beating could be regarded under the law as a serious assault and result in a custodial sentence). We also need to educate legislators about the reality of sadomasochism.

Currently, any MP not personally involved in or familiar with the SM scene is likely to receive distorted information from hostile and ill-informed sources (such as the Metropolitan Police Clubs and Vice

Squad). It is our aim to combat this potentially prejudicial climate by providing accurate information about the SM community in Britain to those who make the laws.

Who Do You Know?

To this end we are appealing to SM groups, Individual SMers, and our friends, to let us know about anyone that you are aware of who might be prepared to help, or at least to listen.

Sympathetic MPs, members of the House of lords, and political party officials, would be particularly useful. But we would like to make an up to date list of opinion formers of all sorts including journalists, academics and think tank members. We want this information for discrete lobbying purposes. Some people might be sympathetic because they believe in personal liberty or in representing their constituents whatever their sexuality. Others might be on our side because they are kinky themselves.

Obviously, for MPs in particular, there might be issues such as fear of outing and tabloid press attention to be taken into consideration in such cases. If you know someone like this, then we suggest that you pass on this leaflet to him or her and let them make the decision for themselves. We do, however, want to know about people who may wish to help discretely, but do not feel in a position to give us public support, and we will fully respect any such concerns that they might have. When and Where

The preparation for the lobbying process is already underway with the intention being to concentrate the effort in 1999. It is important, therefore, that any information you might have gets to us as soon as possible. Contact details are given below.

The Spanner Trust  
BM 99  
London WC1N 3XX  
United Kingdom  
spannertust@powerhouse.co.uk

## Laufmasche Magazine

A reader just let me know that this magazine, specialised in stockings, has now a supplement in English that covers most of the articles.

Verlag Ulrike Fülleborn, Postfach 101434, 47404 Moers, Germany.

## London Fetish Fair

LFF Dates for 1999, February 7th, March 7th, April 4th, May 2nd June 6th, July 4th, August 1st, September 5th October 3rd, November 7th, December 5th

## London Fetish Fair

Web Site address: <http://www.Lff.nixnet.com> email: [Lff@nixnet.com](mailto:Lff@nixnet.com)

Mailing Address: PO Box 2610, London W14 0TP 24 hour Ansline: 0171 603 9654

Venue: Smithy's, Leeke Street, King's Cross. London  
Stalls only may call 0956 256 858

Erotica '99 in GB

The next Erotica event will be held on the 26th till 28th November 1999. All booking and info on: 01.708.768.000

## On the Safe Edge

This wonderful manual on S&M play, written by Trevor Jacques is still available from his new address: Alternative Sources, P.O.Box 19591-519, Bloor Street West 55, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3T9, Canada.  
<http://Alternate.com>

We are looking for new outlets.  
Shops, distributors,  
mailorderfirms, etc...

Secret is badly distributed, we are aware of this. Issue 14 and this issue are almost not distributed in the USA. Can you do something? Can you help?

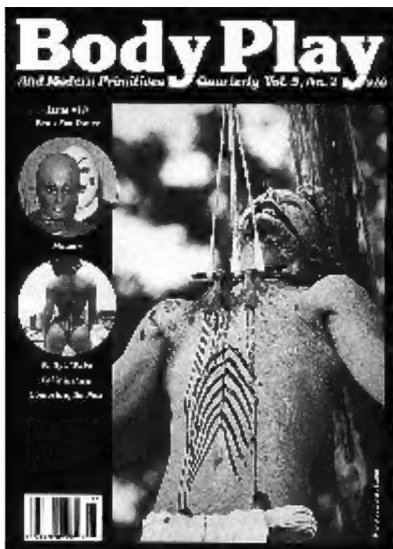




## BOOKS & MAGAZINES

### Le CUL (The Arse)

When we can consider the humans are different from other animals by the development of his arse, we can also consider that this part of our body is heavily worshipped by many of us. Scientific investigations have shown that, men and women mingled, that the arse is the most sexual exciting part of our body. Le Musée Infernal, a selective editor of high quality erotic material has dedicated a complete volume on the "arse". Sodomy, enema's, spanking...all is nicely explained and illustrated in a hardback, perfect bound book. The history of the arse, the expressions, fisting, it's all there. Highly



recommended, but watch out, all text is in French. Order it from Le Magsin Universel, P.O.Box 67, 26111 Nyons Cedex, France. Price: 450 FF ( about 80 US\$)

### Body Play and Modern primitives

As you know by now, this is one of my favourite magazines. If you are interested in body modification, piercing, branding, tattoo, cutting and scarification, corsets and tightlacing...then you have to take a subscription to this highly informative magazine. In this issue you can follow the extreme waistreduction of Nelly, Fakir's performance in Paris and Pan's sun dance ritual. As you can see from the cover, it's not for the heartfainted, but it's as good as it can get. Order it from: Insight Books, P.O.Box 2575, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2575, USA.

Email: fakir@bodyplay.com



### Frédérique

Publication Date: September 1998  
Publisher: Delectus Books/  
Hardback \$34.95  
ISBN 1 897767 08 0

THE TRUE STORY OF A YOUTH  
TRANSFORMED INTO A GIRL  
by Don Brennus Afera  
**First Edition Of This Classic Tale In  
English Complete With All Sixteen  
Original Illustrations**

A young orphan is left in the charge of his wealthy widowed aunt, Baroness Saint-Genest. This elegant aristocratic lady teaches Frédérique feminine poise and manners and with the eager help of her maid Rose, gradually transforms him into a young woman.

During this process of change the Baroness uses him as her personal slave and sissy maid, administering various forms of discipline to ensure his complete obedience and ultimate compliance.

The story of Frédérique's subjugation and enforced feminisation is accompanied by sixteen exquisite illustrations, reproduced from the original French edition.

Originally published by The Select Bibliotheque of Paris in 1921, this marvellous and memorable transvestite tale has been translated into florid English by Valerie Orpen for the first time.

For Delectus Books' mail-order Service, please telephone (UK) 0181 963 0979.



### Skin Two issue 28

In the '80's, every issue of Skin Two was a reason for celebration. One would sit down and browse for hours for hot news, read good texts and so on. Now, with an overflow of fetish publications, Skin Two had to give in some ground to other fetish publications and aren't always "on the edge" of things. But, that said, one could only envy the professionalism

of the editorial team. This issue covers, of course, the long Rubber Ball weekend with great pictures from our own Belgian, now famous and rising star, Laurent Boeki. He covers the whole Rubber Ball party in an amazing 8-page special. His name should have been on the cover as he alone is responsible for the new look of Skin Two. Great stuff! Editor in charge, Tony Mitchell celebrates the coming of Pat Califa, the guidelines pages have to be researched to see who did what and what's new. Overwhelming information. Get your copy at your local fetish store.



## Fetish & Fantasmagique by Jacques Leurquin

It's hard to do a review of a book you made yourself, but as probably no other fetish publication will get to see the book, we just have to let you know of its existence. After his first successful edition of Fantasmagique some years ago, we decided it was time for a new artbook. I got together with our famous Jacques Leurquin and emptied a magnum of champagne while browsing through his immense collection of slides and negatives. The first result is that I was drunk, but secondly, we came up with some of the best fetish pictures you have seen combined with some great French poetry. In his own striking black and white style, Jacques Leurquin let's you in his fantasmagorique world and every

page has a new surprise. Themes are mainly high thigh boots and high heels with vinyl or rubber clad girls. Simple but very effective. It's a 1000 limited, handnumbered and signed by the artists, hardcover book. We have only 200 copies left, so if you would like a copy, I would wait too long for sending us 1500 BF/43 US\$/75DM/ £27 (p&p included by first rate mail) A limited edition together with a picture can be obtained directly from the photographer for only 2000BF/100DM/ £35/ 57 US\$. Cash only please to: P.O.Box 184, 5000 Namur 1, Belgium



## Women in power

From the makers of "Bitches with whips" this magazine is a nice change from what I see regularly. The content is interesting, pictures are good, and I liked the Net nasties a lot. It has good book reviews and the fiction is good too...so what do you want more? I feel that the people who make this magazine care, they know something about the scene, probably are players themselves, who knows? Also, there are a lot of good ads for dominatrix...so when you are in the US, get this magazine at your local bookstore or write to: DM International, P.O.Box 16188, Seattle, WA 98116.0188, USA. [www.fetishsex.com](http://www.fetishsex.com)

## Legworld

After Taboo, imitating the fetish world, Hustler has now a new one: Legworld, attacking the fetish of high heels and stockings. Besides the fact that Dita is on the cover and has the

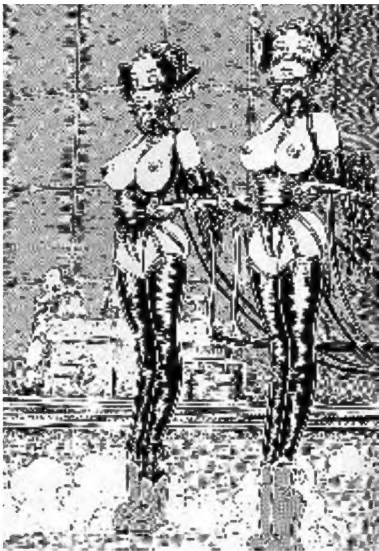


only decent pictures inside, this magazine has nothing to offer unless you like girls showing off their cunts dressed in stockings. It's a shame.... yes, a true shame that somebody like Larry Flint attacks this magazine market.... Doesn't he have enough money?



## Tranceptor Book 1 by Michael Manning

As you can read in this issue, Michael Manning is an amazing character and a great artist. I've known of his work from the very beginning and just fell in love with what he did and does. He has the skill and the talent to let you experience the wonders of rubber, tubes and sexual excitement by the art of drawing. TRANCEPTOR is a collaboration with Patrick Conlon and is his best work yet. It's no use telling



you the plot and try to describe the scenes of the book, just get it yourself and enjoy the best black and white drawings you have seen in your life. If you don't find it at your local bookstore, which is likely, then order it from: NBM, 185 Madison Avenue, suite 1504, New York, NY 10016, USA. [Http://www.nbmpub.com](http://www.nbmpub.com) -



Price: 11 US\$.

## Galerie D'Enfer

Welcome to our pleasuredome. Are you the kind of person who wants to see what other creative creatures are capable of dreaming? Are you the kind of person who likes blood, sex, and vampires...? Then you will love this highly rare book on the first 5 artists who had an exposition in Galerie d'Enfer. (Hell's gallery). Be ready to be shocked. Get your copy at: P.O.Box 184, 5000 Namur, Belgium. Price: 20 US\$, cash only.

## Music

In every Secret we try to be open-minded. This is not only on pictures and text but also on the music side. I love all kinds of music, as long as it's good in it's genre. If you have any fetish-related music, send us your material and we'll review it.

## CD-ROM



## Skin Two

When I say that this is the "best fetish CD-ROM I have seen", then you can or might imagine how good this really is. First there is the package. Slick, big A4 size, high quality paper, glossy print, inside, a CD-ROM with all the latest technology used at its highest advantage. When you start the CD, you have to "search" where the entries are. But once you are inside, you are having a fetish trip. Enlightening, eye-opening, an experience like it love them... Drawings by Michael Manning, with his own voice telling you what, where and how. A shooting with the famous Trevor Watson, nightclubbing at Torture Garden with it's levels.... it's fabulous. The software is Mac favourable, but it runs very good on Win 95 or higher. QuickTime 3 soft is included. Don't miss this. Price £25 + p&p£1.5 (£3 international) from Skin Two online, Unit 63 Abbey Business Centre, Ingate Place, London SW8 3NS, UK.

[www.skintwo.co.uk/cdrom](http://www.skintwo.co.uk/cdrom)

## Miscellaneous

## Manacles of the World

This "collectors guide to international handcuffs, leg irons & other miscellaneous shackles and restrains" has established a complete historical view and is a highly informative guide for the collector. It has chapters on safety, history basic types, British shackles, American shackles, and so on. Over 160 pages of shackles, with pictures, illustrations and so on. I never imagined the different numbers of handcuffs that existed, but once you have seen this, well...it sets your mind thinking. Written by T.L. Gross, who was so kind to bring me a copy personally here in Brussels. Write to: T.L. Gross, P.O.Box 16896, Clayton, MO 63105, USA. Tel:



314.725.5297. Price: 10US\$ (p&p 3 US\$ in the USA, 5 US\$ outside)

## Arkel Body Art Gallery

She is bright, intelligent, gothic and very interested in piercing. He has the experience, the energy and is very interested in piercing. Together they have opened Arkel body piercing studio and art gallery. David D., which you can see from this drawing, is one of the many artists who have had an exposition. If you are interested in piercing and are looking for a clean place to get pierced, you have to go here. If you are interested in alternative art, then take a look at this place: Arkel Body Art, 16 Passage St. Honoré, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Tel/

fax: 32.2.223.02.94  
Recommended by Secret.

## The La Domaine Esemar

1999 couples' party season begins on Saturday, April 10<sup>th</sup> at 8 p.m. Parties will continue on the second Saturday of each month through December, with the exception of June.

The April 10<sup>th</sup> party is limited to six to eight couples, two to three select individuals, our house and personal slaves, our Guest Mistress, Madame Maya and her guest, Mistress Outlaw. There will be the traditional champagne toast to old and new friends at midnight. For those staying locally, there is a Sunday get-together brunch. We are pleased to assist guests in making local accommodations for overnight stays.

For further information, cost and reservations, please call 518-781-

[www.fetishlights.com](http://www.fetishlights.com)



## Catalogues

### Murray & Vern



They are known as one of the best fetish designers of the world. They are known to be in the frontline and dare to design groundbreaking new styles. They also try to create new moods and the presentation of a new catalogue from Murray and Vern is always something to look forward to. But, and I have to be honest here, their new catalogue is made of bit's and pieces of the older pictures, but now complete "redesigned". The presentation is tops, printing

excellent, but the clothing has lost its major impact. One cannot see clearly the designs, because the designers did a "bit too much". If one would look at it from the creative side it's excellent, but if you want to see how the clothing fit or where the zippers are, forget it. Too bad. The money spent on this could have been better



spent. Sorry Angela and Stewart.

## Body Style for men

It's hard to find good quality PVC for men. Except from Patrice Catanzaro, there is almost nothing of speakable quality around. Well, Body Style from Germany has a new range of excellent PVC. Here is a snapshot from their latest catalogue. Enjoy. Clothing is available from major fetish stores like MINUIT in Brussels.



6209, 10-7est, m-f. Contact either Madame Sang or Master R.

## Fetish Lights

This is an excellent guide to all the fetish party's that are going on in the Netherlands and most suprisingly of all, it's distributed for free! It's informative, well written and highly recommended. They also organise fetish parties, have created a new magazine and the website with all the latest information: [http://](http://www.SecretMag.com)

[www.SecretMag.com](http://www.SecretMag.com)  
one of the best....





## RGL Designs

This brand new A4 size colour catalogue brings you the best in some bondage equipment. All items can be manufactured in black or red and are



hand made. RGL has been in business for over 10 years now and offer you a "money back guarantee". Price: £5 (p&p included and refundable) RGL Designs, Glenfield Park, Lomeshaye, Lancs, BB9 7DR, England. Tel: 01282.697866 Mention Secret.

## Video & DVD

### BETTY PAGE

Fans, all around the world, rise and enjoy. Cult Epics have just released a full DVD with the full range of Betty Page but also commentated by Betty Page herself. More information: Cult Epics, P.O.Box 55670, 1007 ND Amsterdam, Holland or Cult Epics USA, P.O.Box 461556, Los Angeles, CA 90046, USA.

### Traum Domina N° 14

Are you looking for good fetish videos? Who isn't? Well, after seeing the last two productions of the "fetish

Witch", I can tell you that these are worth seeing. Great costumes, great legs, verbal domination (in German!) and some lovely domination scenes. Don't expect hardcover X or penetration. It's all about "fetish". Fetish smoking, stockings, high heels, rubber and leather, that sort of thing...nicely filmed and one hell of a hot fetish Witch. Get an extensive list of fetish videos from Filmstudio Andreas Dietze Abt.S., Allemagne - D-94513 Schönberg - Kirchberg 1. Video cost each is 99 DM. (about 60



US\$)

## CD-rom CORPUS TRANSFIXUM by Daniel Hayes Uppendahl

This CD has a center of 30 B/W images of photographs exploring unusual and striking body piercings. There is music, video and text explaining the piercings. It's a great piece of art. Secret has 3 CD's, and you can buy them by email or by fax (32.2.223.10.09) or just by mail, by sending 2000BF (about 70US\$). Airmail included. Send to: SECRET, P.O.Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1,



Only 5 us\$!!  
Order from SECRET Magazine  
Special offer!!!



Belgium.

## Fetish Photo Anthology volume 2

While I am writing this, I'm working also on the next volume, that should be ready by September 99. As some of you know, this Fetish Anthology regroups the best fetish photographers from around the globe. (Christophe Mourthé, Housk Randall, Trevor Watson, Craig Morey, Peter W. Czernich, Wolfgang Eichler,...) Find over 60 different photographers in this enormous book (over 200 pages). We still have some copies left, so if you want to add this to your collection, now is the time.



The fetish store MINUIT has just found a new manufacturer of the old fashion stockings, with heel, seem etc. This 20 denier stockings are a must for every fetish lover. Price: 450BF/ 12.5 US\$. Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.

# "DRESSED TO THRILL V" VIVA ... VIVA ... LAS VEGAS!!!

29 & 30 MAY 1998 BY: Jim Thompson



© Veronica & Annie present David Jackson his Fetish Arts award - Photo by Trevor Baker

With the sounds of "The King's" "Viva Las Vegas" ringing throughout the vast hall of the Tropicana Resort and Casino, Ms. Antoinette's Dressed to Thrill V Ball was rapidly coming to an end...

Two full days of entertainment, parties, vendors, magnificent food, awards, and merrymaking as never seen before in the Fetish Community. The 1998 Dressed to Thrill Ball V is now a part of history, however, for those

who attended., the memories will live on throughout the year. It all began innocently enough...

Thursday 28 May ... An 'unofficial' DTT V get together was held at the Hawaiian 1 Room as Ms. Antoinette and web-mistress Vicki Rene greeted early arrivals at the hotel. Before long, as word spread about the group, extra chairs were soon needed to accommodate the gathering of people.



© A gorgeous table slave at DTP 5 banquet - photo by Gerry Koehler



© Sweet Gwendolyn - photo by Gerry Koehler

Friday 29 May ... The vendors area adjoining the Grand Ballroom started to fill as vendors began setting up their displays. Racks of clothing, art, toys, etc. soon transformed the Vendor's Area into a true showroom of erotic and fetish apparel. By 9 am the DTT V registration area was busy as more and more attendees arrived for the weekend. The Vendors Area opened to the public at pm and before long, attendees were shopping and the weekend was well on its way!

At 7 pm the doors opened to admit attendees to the "Sluts and Goddesses Reception". As carvers stood at the ready,

© Mistress Sophia &amp; the ravishing Kristie at DFP5 - photo by Gerry Koehler



attendees were treated to hors d'oeuvres of roast beef, turkey, ham, and assorted breads, veggies, and other treats.

Soon the tables in the ballroom began to fill and one could feel that something, special was going to take place. Center stage was dominated by a huge boot some sixteen feet in height, a ten foot silver heel and four foot platform.

As the lights dimmed, Ms. Antoinette's voice welcomed all to the first ever "Fetish Arts Awards", explaining the purpose of the awards and Antoinette's dream of fetish culture and the foundation that has been created to recognize fetish pioneers who have made a difference to our community. Future award winners will be nominated by this year's award winners and presented at future Dressed to Thrill Events. As the music built to a crescendo, none other than Queen Adrena herself came onto the stage. After her patented rampage, "Queenie" then opened the huge boot from which Mistress Antoinette appeared to the approval of the attendees gathered in the hall. Ms. Antoinette then presented the archive of fetish costuming, showcasing the twenty years between 1978-1998 of the most unique collection of fetish attire ever gathered in a single presentation.

Then came time for the Fetish Arts Awards. The presenters of these awards were Miss Annie Sprinkle and Miss Veronica Vera. Both of these women are true fetish legends/performers/entertainers and visionaries. Annie and Veronica both have recently published books and are invaluable to the fetish community as a whole. During the

awards ceremony, special tribute was paid to great fetish pioneers who couldn't be present to receive their awards. These included Reb Stout (aka Miss Rebecca H. Heels), artists Bill Ward and Eric Stanton. Congratulations to all the recipients!! Following the awards presentation, the attendees enjoyed dancing, until late in the night..

Saturday 30 May ... Our Vendors area re-opened at 10 am till 5 pm. At 7 pm the "Feast of All Sinners Banquet" commenced. This year's feast was a banquet for the palate and the eyes! The large ballroom darkened and the attendees were captivated by the sight of six beautiful backscreen performers depicting scenes of erotic fetish passion, beauty, grace and sensuality for the pleasure of all in attendance. Then the "Table Slaves" (led by three cat-suited dominants), formed a semi-circle at ramps end as Ms. Antoinette made her grand entrance to the banquet and welcomed the guests. Then the table slaves made their way under the banquet tables to entice and amuse the guests.

Over three hundred attendees were seated in the ballroom and were delighted by performances by Mistress Ariana and her slave Gwendeline. These two lovely women presented a study of dominance and submission that was both erotic and beautiful. Immediately following, we were all thrilled by the high-energy, flawless performance by "Candust". The Lady not only looks like Diana Ross, but gives you the class of the lady she so elegantly portrays. As the spotlight hit center stage, the announcement was heard to behold "one of the most beautiful women in the world". International fetish and



© Tanya gives it to you in Octaviana leather - photo by Gerry Koehler



© Costume contest winner - Tristan Tyler - photo Gerny Koehler

fashion model 'Dita' on this night certainly was "The Most Beautiful Woman in The World". Ms. Antoinette then came forward and thanked the performers, our attendee's and recognized some of the people who had contributed to the success of Dressed to Thrill V, thus giving closure to the banquet.

#### 9 pm - The Dressed to Thrill Ball

The Ball revelers then joined the attendees from the feast to begin the Dressed to Thrill Ball festivities. The exciting "Viva Sex" opened the Ball with a performance that enthralled the audience and had the attendees yelling for more! Our attendees then made time for socializing, dancing, greeting old friends and getting in a great mood for what was to follow ... the Versatile Fashions Fashion Extravaganza!! Sexy Maids were seen cleaning and dusting the stage to herald the highly anticipated fashion event. Under the direction of Versatile's own Choreographer/Designer, Mr. Eddie DeBarr, our professional troupe of models strutted the most innovative line of fetish fashions ever presented in a single collection by Ms. Antoinette. To the music of John Maurer, our models showcased designs that can only be described as both leading and futuristic. Combining high fashion with fetish. Truly trend-setting fashions for the next millennium!! Ms. Antoinette then presented Eddie DeBarr to the assembled audience and a very special award from Ms. Antoinette was presented to Eddie by surprise guests: Mr. DeBarr's parents!! A very touching moment to conclude the fashion show presentation

#### 1 1:30 pm - The Costume Contest..

This years Costume Contest, with the Grand Prize of \$1,000 in Versatile clothing, was worn by "Tristan" from New Mexico. Judges were hard pressed to award a single winner from all 6 contestants, however, Tristan was a shining example of fetish costuming and quite a crowd favorite. Following the costume contest, a special musical performance was presented by 'Interface' and performance art by 'Traumatic Stress Discipline'. The Dressed to Thrill V Ball weekend event officially closed its doors at 3 am., however, this lavish event will be remembered for years to come. There are so many people who make Dressed to Thrill a positive experience. Thanking them all would take an article in itself, however, I will take this time to thank Ms. Antoinette, the Staff at Versatile Fashions, all the wonderful volunteers, performers and you, our attendees, who make Dressed to Thrill the outstanding fetish event of each year!

Dressed to Thrill V Producer - Jim Thompson

© The Icons - Annie, Antoinette &amp; Veronica - Photo by Wolfman



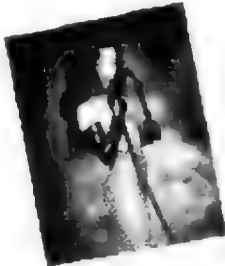
#### FETISH ART AWARDS

DIPLOMAT - David Jackson  
 DOMINATRIX - Queen Adrena  
 FETISH MODEL - Dita  
 CROSSDRESSER - Peter from New Zealand  
 WRITER - Rose Abadoca  
 SUBMISSIVE - Steve DeFrance  
 ARTISTIC BODY ADORNMENT - Lady Madalene  
 PERFORMING ARTIST - Annie Sprinkle  
 ARTIST - Eric Stanton (Accepted by Mike Frankovich)  
 PRODUCER OF ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES - Bob McGinley  
 DESIGNER - Octaviana  
 FETISHIST - Reb Stout - Miss Rebecca H. Heels  
 RUBBERIST - Klaus Gebhardt  
 AUTHOR - Veronica Vera  
 PUBLISHER - Ken Oisen - Kim Christy  
 PHOTOGRAPHER - Master Zorro  
 HUMANITARIAN - Jim Thompson  
 ORIGINAL PIONEER OF FETISH - Ms. Antoinette  
 DESIGNER TO THE STARS - Eddie DeBarr



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#### Readers letters, Hamburg

Dear Jürgen,  
 we just bought SECRET No. 14 - thank you so much for handling our ad in such a splendid and most pleasant way, putting it into an extra „miscellaneous“ column! We feel honored and, yes, very proud. Whatever may come out of it, it was already worth the try. So as a little extra for your efforts here's a little more for you. The big b/w photo is rather what we try to do; you may just keep it; if you like to use it in some further issue, it's o.k. too. The small one is really just a snapshot, a little gift for a confessed bum fetishist. (It's REALLY the same girl, actually.) - By the way : SECRET is by far the best of all those magazines - not despite it is one man's „baby“, but because of it. And it's better every time - where will it lead to? "Adapt, adopt, and Improve. Motto of the Round Table." Thank you again and all our best wishes for you & SECRET! Have a very nice and exciting Christmas time!

These are the kind of letters I get sometimes and they kick up my senses. Not only the pictures are nice, but there is a certain feeling about it. She is a fetish model who will "let your dreams take shape". If you would like to contact them, please send me your letter in another envelope and write PIX16 in the right hand corner and we'll do the rest. OK?

# Slave manual V

For more than two years, we have been endeavouring to continue bringing out this manual. A great many of you have congratulated us on our efforts to educate your slave(s). We have also received a certain amount of criticism from some people who accuse us of revealing too many secrets, of resorting to too many theatrical effects or even of dispelling the mysticism surrounding the world of SM. You can't please everyone! Below you will find the last chapter of the Slave's Manual. To my mind, it is far from being complete and far from being perfect.

**Jürgen Boedt**

## THE SLAVE AND MASTURBATION

By the end of a session, your slave should be begging you to bring it to an end as his need to come is on the point of exploding - if you have played your part well. The time has now come to excite him even further. At the moment of «death», order him to masturbate in front of you (or in front of the spectators, if there are any). Normally a man masturbates when he is alone, hence double the pleasure for you. Keep your authoritative eye - and so the pressure - on him. Insult him by telling he's a nobody, that he's not worthy of undoing your shoe, that he's a dead loss for making do like that. Tweak his nipples with your nails so that the pain and the pleasure of coming mingle in him. The calmer you remain, the more humiliated he will be. Look at him ironically, wear a small sarcastic smile all the while hitting his testicles with the tip of your riding crop. At this point he will be aware of your power over him as he cannot penetrate you. This then will be the coup de grace which you give him. Some men will experience difficulty masturbating in front of you or an audience.

Don't take any notice of that and just keep on insulting him and heaping offensive remarks on him. Be sure and tell him that a real maso comes without masturbating but only at that sublime moment when he feels extreme pain. Some men come through being teased mercilessly with a bamboo cane. Others on the other hand never get to come unless they feel an immense pleasure in pain. Everyone's different, you know, and with each one of them it's up to you to make out what you can do better on the strength of your knowledge and experience, so showing yourself to be an eminently qualified mistress. There are several ways you can have him masturbate: standing on a chair or lying on a bed with his legs in the air (so that he cums all over his chest and face). If he's a «real one», make him use a horsehair or emery paper glove. A harmless trick: if he's right-handed have him masturbate with his left hand or vice versa. At the fateful moment, have him ejaculate into a paper tissue or in his hand and then make him swallow it all! Sperm is absolutely clean and edible but he will recollect the taste of it and retain a memory of this session all his life! You can also let him do it on your thighboots and then make him lick them clean! Some dominatrices oblige their clients to ejaculate in their rubber slippers and then to keep them on till they get home!!! The rubber slip really will stick to him but will not let any sperm show through his clothes. In the event that you have put him in genital bondage, it will of course take him longer to come. It's up to you to decide if he deserves a helping hand.

## IMPOSING THIGHBOOTS

All dominatrices owe it to themselves to wear thighboots or at least bootees as over 99% of slaves are mad about the imposing thighboots which make you appear so authoritative. The height of the heels is up to you alone: it's up to you to judge if you can put up with «dizzy» heels for a long session. Let your slave adore your shoes/boots and tell him and keep on repeating that he is scarcely worthy if being allowed to lick your feet or shoes clean. The heel of a shoe is sometimes thought of as a «woman's phallus». As such, slaves are crazy about licking them whilst you talk to them and inflict humiliations them.

Make him lick the boots all over, make him suck the heels but mind that he doesn't touch your stockings! This he is only allowed to do when you feel that your feet need a rest: then you grant him the honour of being allowed to suck your toes or of massaging them with his tongue through your stockings. This is a very common fetishism. Some slaves are crazy about a strong smell or like stockings which smell strongly of sweaty feet... If you are very ticklish, get him to give you a footbath, have them massaged with a tonic lotion or - if you feel like risking it - make him give you a pedicure.

Establish one strict rule from the very outset: as soon as you clap your hands or snap your fingers, he is to drop on his knees and kiss your feet. If he is all tied up, he is still to try his very best to satisfy you and if, for example, he cannot get up this will only make the situation even more exciting for you. If one of your girlfriends comes in, make him lick the newcomer's shoes so that the carpet doesn't get dirty... The small domestic chores dealt with in the preceding issues included shoe-cleaning. From the beginning, this will train him and he will fantasize even more on seeing your reflection in the boots which he, poor slave, has made shine for you...

Long laces from thighboots are occasionally used to titillate the genital organs. Why don't you have him put thighboots on and do some serious bondage on his testicles with the laces - it will make walking painful, no doubt about that! Talking about walking: get him to lie down and then walk on him with your high heels! Jam the heel into his mouth and pretend you're going to put it up his rectum. The sensation of the metal tip on his anus will give him goose flesh ... Serves him right!

## SLAVE PARTIES

There are parties where several slaves are in attendance on several dominatrices. The more dominatrices, the better. Write a shopping list. Go shopping with your slave but get him to pay. Have the slaves arrive earlier to lay the table how you want. Meanwhile, the dominatrices get together in another room and get themselves ready to make their entrance, all the while exchanging ideas about the performance to come. (The slaves will already have got dressed as maids or in any other outfit you choose).

If a dominatrix arrives later, the slave who opens the door must get down on his knees and kiss her feet, help her out of her coat and do everything to make her feel comfortable. The dominatrices - whip or crop in hand - are served by the slaves who hold out the food to them on big trays. They are to kneel next to them and serve them what they want something. Some even want them to go pearl diving whilst they're eating. They can also require their slaves to put on a bit of impromptu theatre for them: the dominatrices as the audience watch the slaves singing and dancing for them, for their simple amusement, accompanied by much poking of fun at them if it isn't up to scratch (the food or the show)!

The slaves never eat with the dominatrices but get the leftover scraps, which they have to eat with their hands off the floor in the kitchen or why not tied to a pipe - or anything else come to that. If there are several of them in the kitchen, for example, be sure to check that they're not talking among themselves about the dominatrices and that they're not daring to think: you will have installed - and switched on - a small intercom so that you can eavesdrop on what they're saying. The chastisements and punishments mentioned in a previous chapter apply here as well, obviously. And you make your slaves wear white gloves so that your meals aren't contaminated or dirtied. Take advantage of the party to organize a slave competition: get them to mount each other and play at riders and horses on all fours on the carpet. Have them cross-dress as girls, get them to dance, make them pretend they're making love... Tie them together side by side at the ankles and wrists, then have them bring you something to drink - the coordination of the movements required can lead to some great fun sessions. But forbid them to laugh!

You can also decide which slave will serve which dominatrix. The dominatrices do this by drawing lots with the names of the slaves on them. You can also suggest that if a slave desperately wants to serve a particular dominatrix, he will only be allowed to do so after paying as many lashes as you all decide on together. Be tough, even exaggerate how strict you are, hit hard so that he earns what he wants. With a bit of imagination, you are sure to come up with other naughty or preposterous ideas which will turn your party into an unforgettable super party for everyone concerned, mistress or slave ...

## THE END OF A SESSION

The most important thing in a session for you and your slave is that you get something out of it, pleasure or sensation, and that you have enjoyed yourselves, one and all. In short, that everyone concerned got what (s)he expected out of it. If you're a professional, the important thing for you is to see him again as regular clients (friends)

bring you much more and you know from the beginning what you can do with this slave or the other. So it is imperative that you start a conversation with the slave as soon as the session comes to an end so that he knows what to expect next time. Let him take it easy getting dressed again, offer him a drink, let him relax and above all make him want to come back and see you again. If your session went off as it was supposed to, he will probably still be too confused to get into his car and drive off. This is when your slave feels most tired, most defenceless: let him relax, explain to him what he managed to catch a glimpse of, let him talk, let him confide in you: you will learn useful things for the next session. You're sharp enough to grasp an idea for the next time. Don't forget to make a few notes as soon as he's gone. Try to make an appointment for the next session. You now know what he likes best, what he likes doing least and it's up to you how you play it to make him want to come again. If he is married, be tactful enough to check that there are no marks or traces of make-up left. When he leaves, pinch his cheeks gently and bid him welcome to the wordly sex set!

## EPILOGUE

This small handbook is far from perfect or complete but it does show you the relationships which must exist between the mistress and her slave. It aims to beat your nonetheless fertile imagination into shape a bit so that you can vary your sessions ad infinitum. It can be used by a beginner domina or by a charming wife wanting to vary the intimate pleasures or by an experienced dominatrix to avoid her mind going blank during a session, always an unpleasant occurrence. The ideal thing is to find a perfectly compatible mistress (or slave) who can meet regularly as the first sessions are sometimes difficult and ultimately you always enjoy yourself more with the people you know than with those you don't - which doesn't stop you occasionally having an unforgettable time with a novice!

Be innovative so that your slave never gets bored. Don't talk to him about your personal problems, which are nothing to do with him, but do listen to him: he will soon be confiding in you like a friend and that can always be useful to you for the next session. Respect his limits in any event. Don't forget that you owe it to yourself to have a sex life. Dress and strut in such a way as to excite your slave without him gaining the impression that he can have everything. That way you'll have him for keeps. We hope to have been of some use to you and hope that with the help of this small handbook you have come to think of possibilities other than those which you already had and that all of a sudden some ideas have sprung to mind. Perhaps not everything we have suggested to you is realizable on account of your premises, the person(s) concerned or your particular circumstances. The essential thing is that you feel good and that your slave is delighted to serve you. It is not possible to live out everything but get as close to it as you can and try to find the best common ground. In short, both be turned on by the same things! That done, you will both experience very intense, indeed even unforgettably sublime moments. I hope that you will experience the most incredible sessions ever! I also hope that you live your life fully and very intensely with the feeling of force and domination which drives you.

Yours SINcerely,

**Jürgen Boedt**

























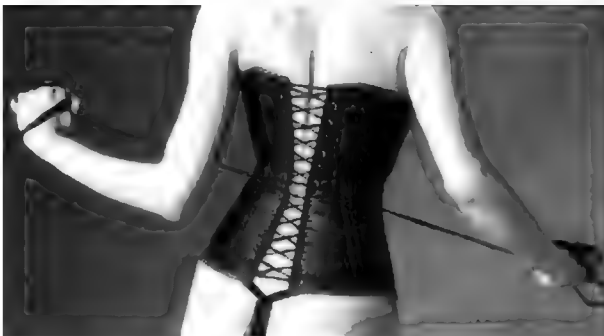
# Men in Corsets?

## by Ann Grogan

If corsets cause women to go sterile or insane, what cost to men who pursue curiosities about or commitments to tight-lacing? Not unbelievably, there were indeed European societies of slightly daft men, active in the 1800s, who were devoted to stamping out the wasp waist for women. Interferes with the internal organs, they said. Permanent damage they said. Causes impairment in the prime function of women as child bearing beasts, they said (in so many thinly veiled words). Never mind that corsets were done to the extreme in those days. Corsets, it seems, were unpopular with both the sexes.

They thrived in spite of, and perhaps because of, the protest, but that's another story. Unbelievably, in early June of this year, a mysterious Health save Ltd. group of corset concerned citizens in and about London surfaced with threats of new legislation to ban tight lacing as injurious to health! Ah, those marvellous English. It's either renowned haute couture designer and right proper

© John Morrisson - Northboun Leather Canada



gentleman Mr. Pearl with his 24hour a day corseted 18 inch waist, or apparently, nothing at all. My guess is that corsets will prevail over this latest English nonsense, and that steel stays are mightier than the lawmaker's pen. My certainty is that men will corset in ever-increasing numbers, for as many if not more, reasons than women.

In my eight year old corset boutique, ROMANTASY, at least 40% of custom corset orders have been placed by men... for themselves. Since moving into the Castro District ten months ago from the more hetero populated Union Street shopping area, the percentage of orders by men has exceeded 50%. The overwhelming majority of those orders go to devotedly heterosexual and partnered individuals, some clearly crossdressers, but more than you might expect outside that community. My local custom corset colleagues, Dark Garden, report similar percentages. For those who can't see fit to be tied into a custom corset (usually starting at around \$300), men purchase off the peg styles that reduce the waist more than the budget. Stormy Leather produces the fetish styled and handsome off the peg leather corsets. A pretty steady 25% of our corset sales are to men,» says Georgia Stokes, Assistant Manager. «We're even considering designing

a corset that specifically addresses men's particular body shape; sometimes the female cut corsets leave a V-shape when laced at the back and don't fit in the hips.»

In late March ROMANTASY debuted its own mens' corset, the «Corvest», on ABC television's national news program, «World News Tonight.» Sounding every bit like another «manly» toy from the automobile family, the Corvest is designed to provide a waist-reducing corset in disguise as a formal brocade or leather vest, especially for men who don't feel comfortable with the idea of wearing a typically female-identified garment. Orders for the vest in standard sizes at \$400 or custom at \$500, are running about one per week. While designer Dorothy J ones felt the Corvest would address the desires of aging baby boomers to control their expanding girth, sales show that as many young men as older ones are fascinated with the style, fit and feel of the garment.

ROMANTASY now offers a simple plastic-boned corset by a national lingerie company, but refuses to accept shredded corset returns when men ignore printed and verbal advice not to get carried away and tight-lace beyond the strength of the corset they purchase. «We tell them, but many customers don't listen. It's a shame, because a man with serious waist-shaping desires needs to invest in a steel-boned custom garment,» says Wanda Clark, sales manager at ROMANTASY. Certainly, men have been fascinated by and experimenting with waist restriction since the early nineteenth century. We know this thanks to what one writer calls «the peculiarly English habit of writing to the newspapers about the most intimate matters of dress and domestic behaviour.» (Men in Petticoats: A Selection of Letters from Victorian Newspapers - edited by Peter Farrer, 1987). These public discussions reveal in great detail men's corseting experience beginning in the 1820s, when dandies sometimes wore boned and laced corsets to cut a fine figure.

The English Work woman's Guide of 1938 reports on the use of men's stays in the army, for hunting and for strenuous exercise, but whether they were merely a belt or a seriously boned and curvaceous garment is unclear. Of course, the theme of female dominance and tight-laced males is ubiquitous in both Victorian and modern literature. However, some fashion historians claim that it is actually the men who choose to crossdress

The challenge of achieving a dramatic silhouette plus enjoying the embrace of corset stays are two primary threads that lace all men's corseting experiences together. A pinch of erotic pleasure and a dose of ego-gratification also surface as popular self-reported reasons to corset. Corseting to achieve the female body shape remains the primary corseting objective for crossdressers and female impersonators. Stormy Leather's manager,

Georgia, confirms the facts: «Men love corsets not just for cross-dressing, but also for bondage and just for the sensation of restriction of the body.»

Most fascinating of all are the «manly men» executive or professional types represented by two of ROMANTASY's customers. An Oakland attorney routinely wears corsets to court, hidden under his business suits. He describes his practice as «donning armor» to achieve a sense of mastery in courtroom battles.

Jim Carol, a marketing executive in the computer world, corsets routinely to improve his management style and effectiveness. «Wearing a corset makes me feel more receptive to other people's points of view. I'm more attuned to other's needs. It increases my sensitivity to the nuances of business communication and I become more patient. I'm not sitting there saying, 'they don't get what I'm saying so I'll just have to say it again and even louder.' When I corset, I also remain more focused on what's going on and less distracted, because I'm in a kind of zone. I become centered, lined up in my gut and body instead of in my head. I tune out irrelevancies.» If that isn't enough reason for doubting Thomases to try corseting, maybe women will carry the message home to their hesitant partners after considering Jim's further comments. «When I'm with my lover who also adores corsets and me wearing corsets, too, I find myself focusing more on her and her needs. I'm less inclined to dominate the conversation or ignore her preferences.» Dean Sonnenberg, a male tight-lacer from New York who designs costume and corsetry, also does not crossdress, is not a transsexual, and does not corset to achieve a female figure. Rather, he wishes to modify his body to obtain a narrow waist and achieve his breathtaking 10-inch waist reduction.

Health may be the most overlooked reason for mens' current interest in corseting. To claim that the corset contributes to good health seems antithetical to more hysteric all ranting of the singularly uninformed. Yet for every doctor who claims disrupted digestion, impaired circulation or worse indignities, there is another one who believes in corseting. «I am in the middle of my occasional low back pain episode due to hours of pushing a mower and more hoisting window air conditioner. I've worn my Point Counter Point Cincher almost constantly since purchasing it from you... Have to stay in action since today is a big day, the 4th birthday of my grandson!» reports an anaestheologist customer of ROMANTASY. Staying in action to meet the demands of his active painting company requires Patrick Livingston, a San Francisco painter, to wear a white cotton custom corset under his workshirt and overalls. «Never thought I'd wear one, but it sure helps my nagging back ache from lifting too many paint buckets.» Rather than grinding us down, corsets shore us up, and thoroughly modern men seem to be getting the picture. «In business, I want to get a common result we all can support. We get there through cooperation and understanding which are much more feminine initiatives. The corset is one of those initiatives,» says Jim.

ANN GROGAN - ROMANTASY Corset Boutique, 2191 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114, USA



# The hogtie position

## by Jay Wiseman

Ye Gods, is «hogtie» ever an inelegant word! I prefer, as do many others, the more genteel french term of Craupadine (I've seen buttons that read I'd rather be in Craupadine. These can be fun to wear in public.) Variations on this position are seen fairly frequently during SM play, so I'm going to discuss some of them.

### The basic hogtie

The basic position is simple: The submissive is made to lay face down, then their wrists are tied behind their back and their ankles are tied together. The ankles are then pulled up toward their wrists and a rope is run from the wrists to the ankles, lashing them together. This is a highly restraining position (probably too much so for first bondage) and provides good access to the front of the submissive's body. How far back should you pull the ankles? That depends on how immobilized you want your submissive to be. The farther back you pull the ankles, the more you immobilize the submissive. A submissive's whose ankles are pulled «all the way back» for example, cannot do much except lie on their stomach. On the other hand, a submissive whose ankles are only pulled back about halfway (forming a 90-degree angle with the ground) can - with assistance - lie on their back or stomach, kneel, and sit cross-legged This is especially true if the ankles were bound using cinch loops.



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Beware of sneaky submissives. If the ankles are tied side-by-side, the submissive may be able to defeat the tie by crossing their ankles. This allows their ankles to be brought closer to their fingers. One way to defeat this is to tie the submissive's knees together, thus preventing them from spreading their knees apart. Another way is to order the submissive to spread their knees apart before you tie their ankles.

### The Military Hogtie

A hogtie variant widely taught in military and martial arts circles involves using one long rope or several short ropes to tie the captive's hands behind them, then pushing their hands high up on their back and wrapping the rope around their neck to hold their arms in place. The rope is then run back down to their wrists and wrapped a few times. The submissive is then told to bend their feet back up toward their buttocks and the last of the rope ties their ankles together.

The basic argument in favour of this tie is that it is escape-proof because the captive's struggles to free themselves produce very uncomfortable pressure on their neck. If they





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struggle too hard, they could choke themselves unconscious. In extreme cases, they could even choke themselves to death. They therefore don't struggle and lie still. Obviously and unfortunately, this tie can kill if the pressure around the submissive's neck becomes too great. I have been on «both ends» of this tie several times. After much experience, thought, and debate, I have concluded the risks of this bondage technique outweigh its advantages to the point where it should not be used. (I noticed that the rope running from wrists to ankles seems the source of most neck tightness, and therefore most danger.) It is most certainly not a technique for beginners. Footnote: Any form of neck bondage is considered too dangerous by most practitioners. About as far as most will go would be a leash attached to a collar and held in the dominant's hand.

## Hogtie Alternatives

Alternative approaches exist that are as secure, and avoid such severe risks.

The first alternative works well when using a single 20 to 24 foot rope. Secure the wrists with one end of the rope, then run it under an armpit, up and over the submissive's collarbone, and across the back of their neck. Then run the rope across the opposite collarbone, back through the opposite armpit, and back to the wrists. Loop the rope once or twice between the wrists, then go to the ankles.

The second alternative approach calls for a twelve foot rope. Have the submissive position their wrists as you order. Starting with the middle of the rope, wrap and cinch-loop their wrists, perhaps finishing in a surgeon's knot. Then run the two ends under the submissive's armpits and up across their collarbones to the back of their neck. Knot the ends together there with a surgeon's knot.

Dominants need to be careful that a nimble submissive doesn't work their fingers up to the knot at the back of their neck, and thus defeat at least that much of the tie. Other than that, this is a secure, safe, and effective tie.

A third, even more secure, approach calls for an eighteen-foot rope. Use the rope's middle to tie the submissive's wrists behind their back. Then run the two ends over the submissive's back near the base of their neck, cross the ends in front of their neck and run the ends under their armpits. Pull the ends through, cross them over their back, and again run them through the armpits toward the front of the body. Finish the tie by bringing the two ends together in front of the submissive high on their chest. Tie the ends with a surgeon's knot. (I have never had any reports of uncomfortable or unsafe neck pressure from the use of this tie.) In this position, the submissive can see the knot that holds them but cannot reach it - always a nice touch.

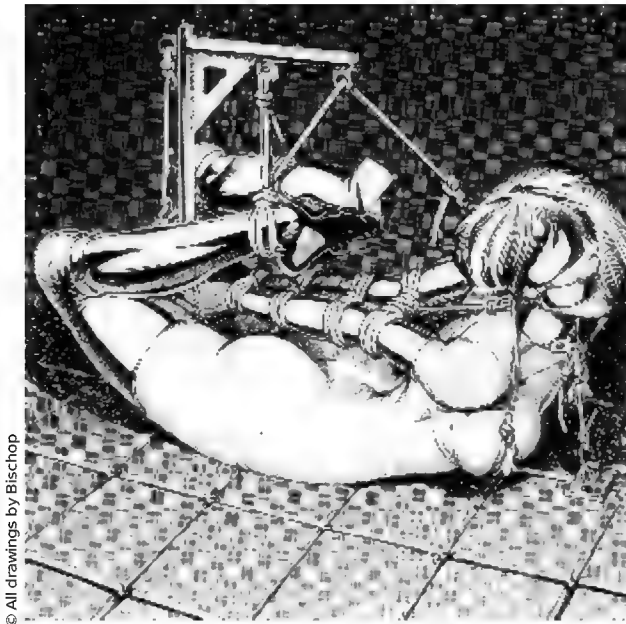
A fourth approach: Tie the wrists together using the middle of the rope, then run the two ends around the submissive's waist. Pull the ends tight enough to make the waist loop narrower than the submissive's hipbones, and knot in front. This is simple, safe, and secure.

Hogtie leg variations - Sometimes the wrists are tied behind the back and the ankles are drawn up toward the buttocks but not actually tied to the wrists. Such a 'split-level' hogtie maintains much of the inescapability while allowing the submissive a bit more flexibility.



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One way of hogtying the submissive's legs is to order them to kneel back on their heels with their toes drawn in. Tell them to spread their knees about forty-five degrees apart. Wrap a twelve-foot length of rope around both the ankle and thigh then, if you wish, cinch-loop it. Repeat this with



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the other leg.

With their legs tied this way, the submissive can lie on their back, or lie on their stomach, or kneel. The legs can be placed together, or separated. The position allows excellent access to the genitals. Depending on the submissive's body (and yours), anal or vaginal intercourse may be possible.

An alternative method is to use the middle of a twenty-four-foot length of rope to tie the ankles, then have the submissive kneel with their knees together and wrap the rope around both thighs. Finish by cinch-looping between the legs.

It's a nice touch to place the knot on the front of the ankles - away from the submissive's hands. Some nimble submissives can reach their ankles, and this position keeps the knot as far as possible from their fingers.

Footnote: When turning a hogtied submissive over, you may find that it works best to start with their ankles. A little experimentation here will help.

In summary, the hogtie, if properly and safely applied, is a powerful bondage technique with much potential. Just make sure you understand the risks and benefits of each variant and, as always, keep your paramedic scissors handy.

Taken from the excellent manual: SM101: A realistic Introduction by Jay Wiseman P.O.Box 1261, Berkeley, CA 94701, USA

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# Houusk Randall





# Housk Randall



# Houusk Randall



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# S&M is a sophisticated game

## by Huk Randall

Sweat runs down between her heavy breasts and trickles along her fleshy thighs. An immense dildo parts the dark hair surrounding her anus, filling her lower intestine with cold steel. An obstetric dilator has stretched her vaginal opening to it's limits, exposing the moist red inner lining.

Metal clips - attached to her bruised nipples, labia majora, the anal probe and a barely visible urethral catheter - are connected by thin wires to a small black box located on the right side of the restraining frame that holds her captive. Above it's large central dial, a small light flashes rythmically. A gloved hand occasionally turns the dial. With each pulse of the lights her muscles spasm . . . and a guttural moan escapes her lips.

The dominatrice adjusting the voltage has cropped blonde hair and wears a black velvet mask, steel-boned corset, gloves, and 6 inch stilhetos. She uses the pommel of her leather riding-crop to masturbate, inserting it further with every cry her victim utters.

When the tension within her sex finally demands greater satisfaction, the dominatrice motions to the hooded male slave kneeling quietly behind her. Silently conveying her wishes, she waits impatiently as the anonymous slave carefully inserts his tongue into her anal passage. She takes no notice of his exposed genitals, bursting inside the tight leather straps that bind them.

Continuing to masturbate, she begins to strike the slaves testicles with her riding crop causing the veins to fill until they appear ready to burst. The leather straps that hold them offer scant protection. The penile shaft and head turn a dark purple. He makes no sound.

The female submissive's cries start to crescendo, the intense electrical shocks reaching into her deepest recesses. The slave's urethral opening weeps continuously, the sticky fluid running down his engorged shaft to glisten on the leather straps which now threaten to crush his manhood. The dominatrice widens her sphincter to allow the slaves tongue more access.

Aware of her submissive's impending orgasm, the dominatrice suddenly abandons her own self-pleasuring. Taking control of her desires, she orders the male slave to stop his oral service. Moving swiftly, she straddles the face of the bound female, turning the dial on the black box once again before releasing the contents of her bladder. Her body jolts pleurably as the electricity connects through her bodily liquids.

Greedily drinking the urine that jets in a hot stream from the shaven cunt above her mouth, the submissive surrenders completely to the will of her mistress. Within

moments, a tortured scream, torn from the core of her being, echoes inside the walls of this dimly lit dungeon.

After lightning, thunder . . . then release. Lost within her climax, the submissive's body shudders uncontrollably. She pisses, her vaginal walls contracting violently against the dilator. Evacuation is prevented by the anal dildo.

The brutal sexuality of this perverse tableau is so overwhelming, the male slave ejaculates copiously within the confines of his genital harness, much to the disgust of his mistress. Throwing him the key to it's lock, she orders him to remove it and lick it clean. She then releases the female submissive, telling her slave to remove and clean her.

After they depart, the dominatrice allows herself to savour the pain and madness created by her experienced sensibilities. Using her fingers, she brings herself to the edge, again and again. Many hours will pass before she allows herself the release of orgasm.

Although the vignette you've just read is a fantasy - an amalgamation of the erotic possibilities available within the 'scene' - it is also based on the reality of an exceptional few. Some people, in fact the majority of the population, would consider it to be their worst-case scenario nightmare.

So why do certain individuals desire the sexual torture (albeit, consensual) and humiliations of S/M? For those who don't have the inclination, ritualistic sub/dom behaviour can appear meaningless. Or just plain silly. Those with even less compassion for the differences of their fellow human beings, condemn it as the erotic activity of borderline psychopaths.

I discovered the 'scene' many years ago. My immediate reaction was one of comfortable familiarity. I remembered youthful masturbation fantasies. The John Willie illustrated magazines I collected as a teenager. The books on torture, carefully hidden from my parents. I thought - for quite some time - that this secretive society of apparently like-minded people was home. I've since come to realise it was only one room out of many within my home, that home being myself. But nevertheless, a valuable one.

During this same period of time, I began to recover forgotten memories of childhood abuse. Both emotional and sexual. I chose to deal with the «extra» anger and depression this process caused me by studying to be a psychotherapist. I was already pissed off and depressed. These memories just gave me «extra» justification for thinking that life was shit.

Studying to be a psychotherapist requires you to be in therapy. This means constantly examining and re-evaluating yourself. And observing and questioning the behaviour of others. I discovered that most of my fellow companions had also experienced difficult episodes of a similar type during their early years. My eventual conclusion was that although abuse is only one of many factors that foster a need for S/M experience, it is an important one.

S/M is essentially about power. Who holds the power at any given moment? And it is about re-creating childhood trauma, unavoidable events in which a child has little or no real power. As a consenting and knowledgeable adult, the choice to use S/M as a metaphor for these early experiences can be an important step towards self-healing. What was once feared is now chosen and embraced.

By externalising the inner turmoil and rage - created through the lack of ability to protect oneself from whatever form of abuse occurred - using ritualised sexual humiliation and pain, it's possible to help restore a damaged sense of personal power. Altering what happened is not possible. Changing your perception of it is.

So far, so good. The only catch is that for healing to occur, there needs to be an awareness of what's really happening. Otherwise, it becomes an endless repetition of ultimately unsatisfying patterns in the search for ecstatic oblivion (an occasional state of oblivion is desired in order to erase the explosive feelings that were caused all those years ago and which now appear too difficult to deal with). This search inevitably requires ever stronger and more extreme measures. As good a definition of addiction as any.

In our present society, there are not many sanctioned arenas available to a person who needs to deal with exceptional feelings of anger. The etiquette of S/M is designed for the safe expression of this level of anger. On the positive side, it offers a way to work with these feelings without actually damaging oneself or another. On the negative side, the rules of consensual safety are not adhered to as often as everyone would like to believe.

There's a truism that posits submissives are really the ones in control. Their needs silently, or not so silently, dictate the actions of their dom/master. If they don't like what they're getting, they can always leave to find another. Thus the master is only fulfilling their fantasies, probably not having as much fun, and doing all of the work.

That's valid up to a point. But there is another side to the situation. A true submissive (someone who consistently identifies themselves as such, rather than the more light-hearted occasional masochist) is actually heavily dependent on the sadist. They can be pushed beyond the limits of safety because they have so little sense of their own value. Alternatively, a sadist - by the very nature of their role - is unlikely to suffer any physical damage.

I admit that I'm speaking about a hardcore minority but it's one that nevertheless exists. And where the 'cutting edge' leads, others often eventually follow. Because of this I feel it's important to express these views.

The issue of personal responsibility is an important one. For that is also what is being examined here. It's easy to get carried away and delegate responsibility to another during a scene, choosing instead to immerse oneself fully in the experience without defining the necessary boundaries. Many would agree that it is more exciting that way. Unfortunately, that's also when accidents are most likely to occur. Especially if someone is intent on proving their worth through the ability to accept whatever is done to them.

However, for the slightly less obsessive dabbler in S/M and its related activities, there is much pleasure to be found. I've always thought it was a wonderfully imaginative form of sexual theatre. And what is more human than to be creative? Haven't we all fantasised about being caught and sexually tortured to our limits by ravishingly attractive captors? No? Well, that certainly explains a lot.

To return again to a point I made earlier in this piece, if we're honest, all of life is about power. At work, within the family, during non-S/M sex, whatever - we are always engaged in a dance of control with others. Who's on top? That question is always in there somewhere.

The difference with S/M is that it makes this struggle explicit. Instead of having to covertly try to find one's place within any given situation, S/M allows people to openly identify with whatever power they feel comfortable with at the time. Submissives can and do become dominants. And vice-versa. It is a world where an individual can experiment with different aspects of themselves without fear of being considered unacceptable.

S/M also offers an individual the opportunity to have relationships that are exaggerated echoes of very traditional gender roles. The stern matriarchal mistress or nanny. The aristocratic male provider who expects his every wish to be obeyed, or else. This provides a comfortable framework on which to rest the more frightening aspects of S/M practice. In its own way, it's cosy. When in the midst of inner confusion, broadly defined correct action can be helpful. We know what to expect and how to behave. After all, it's only a game.

For S/M is, ultimately, nothing more - or less - than a sophisticated game. The power wielded is, in fact, cartoon power. A submissive gives their dom/master the right to treat them in a particular manner, otherwise it wouldn't be S/M but coercion and genuine torture instead. Genuine power cannot be given, for if it is the implication is that it can be taken away at any time by the giver. S/M practice is firmly in the realm of adult play. Even when it's hardball.

**Housk Randall**

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# THE VISIT

by Kate G. Bergh

Eight-thirty was the appointed hour when Michelle was expected to ring the bell of Vivien's apartment.

It was a warm Saturday evening and Michelle wore an short, strapless Jil Sander dress, sexy, yet elegant enough to pass the porter unnoticed as she went through the lobby towards the lift. She carried only a small handbag with some underwear and cosmetics inside. She reached the penthouse door and rang the bell. The butterflies in her stomach increased as she waited for the door to open. After a few seconds, she could hear the metallic sound of footsteps on a marble floor approaching the entrance.

«Come in,» Vivien said. She hardly looked at her visitor. «Close the door!» She turned around and let Michelle follow her into the living room. She sat down on a sofa and indicated to her guest to stand in front of the fire place.

«First things first: I shall instruct you in the duties you are expected to fulfil if you want to become a regular visitor to my house.» Michelle was not quite prepared for such a cold reception.

«Should you prove to be a diligent maid and eager to learn, you may eventually graduate to become my «personal slave»'

Vivien left her novice in no doubt what that role would entail.

«When you are on these premises, you will belong to me and do everything I command. Some experiences will be painful, others a pleasure. And often they will be both. You will have to learn to accept my punishments without recoiling. As a beginner in this position, you will be given a trial period. You will be trained and I will test your abilities to find out if you are capable of meeting my exacting standards. At this stage you are still free to leave if you think that you cannot endure the tasks I set you.»

Michelle's nerves began to calm down. She felt the warm glow of the logs on her legs and buttocks.

«Once you know what is expected of you and you have agreed to be my slave, you will have to submit to my orders. Failure to live up to my expectations will result in punishments. I will tie you up in chains, use my whips on you and let you feel my silver clamps on your nipples.

There will also be moments of love and tenderness. But sex will only be at my decision and take the forms which I prefer.»

Vivien noticed a hesitant expression on Michelle's face.

«You still have time to choose. I won't be too harsh on you in your trial period. But once you know what it means to be my slave, I won't allow you to avoid the consequences of your decision. When you enter this apartment and close the door behind you, you are my object, my plaything, a servant to my desires. Today I'll let you have a taste of it. Do you still want to stay?»

Michelle had not heard Vivien talk like this before. She had only known her for a month, since their first encounter at a «fetish party» given by a photographer friend of hers. They had met again one other evening and had talked about some of their erotic tastes and desires. But now she was having second thoughts about whether it had been a good idea to accept Vivien's invitation.

«Do you want to stay? I want an answer, now!» Vivien was not going to give her much time for reflection. Michelle had to decide. She said yes. «You must answer 'Yes, Mistress'! I want to hear that you agree to be my slave.» «Yes, Mistress. I want to be your slave.» «Then go to the bathroom and prepare yourself. I want my slave to be a pleasing

sight to behold. When you present yourself, I want you to wear these ...» She handed Michelle a box containing five studded leather bands. 'They shall be your only garments for the evening, worn around your wrists, ankles and neck. The bath is along the corridor, first door on the left. Now go!» Michelle took the box and left.

She had already prepared herself at home by taking a bath and shaving away her body hair. So now she had no more to do than simply undress, spray herself with some perfume, and put on the leather straps which Vivien had given to her. The preparations finished, she returned to the living room. Vivien was sitting on the sofa reading a magazine.

«Ah, there you are. That was quick. Now, let me see if you are suitably attired for your first night of duty in your



mistress' home. Come and stand here in front of me. Michelle came over and presented herself before the sofa. «Do you like me like this?» she asked. 'That remains to be seen. The first thing you have to know is that whenever you present yourself to your mistress, you never look into her eyes, but avert your gaze to the floor. Do you understand?»

«Yes.»

«'Yes, Mistress'. This is the second time I have to tell you the correct form of address. You will always answer: 'Yes, Mistress'.»

«Yes, Mistress.»

«Good. Then let's see. Well, at first sight, you appear to have made a good effort. Turn around.»

Michelle obeyed.

«Now look at me.»

Michelle obeyed again.

She felt a hard slap of the whip on her hip.

«What have I told you? You never look your mistress in the eyes!»

«Yes, Mistress.» «Good. You're beginning to learn. Now kneel in front of me.

Michelle followed the order. Vivien took a silken scarf that was lying beside her on the couch and blindfolded Michelle's eyes. With her fingers she traced a line down her neck until they reached the erect nipples.

«Hmm... I like your reaction. You seem to be rather sensitive to my touch. Good, that's promising. Now the second part of the lesson will begin.»

Michelle felt Vivien's hand taking hold of her neck collar. Then she heard a clicking noise. A snap-hook had been attached to its steel eye. She was drawn up from the floor and led by a leash, blindfolded, through the house. She heard a door close behind her. A hand was laid on her shoulder and forced her to sit down. The squeaking sound of some springs indicated that she was resting on a bed. A hand pressed her onto the mattress. She was told to stretch herself out. A few minutes later she was securely fastened to the head board and foot-end of the bed. She lay spread-eagled, hands and feet tied to the filigreed brass ornaments that formed an arch between the cast-iron corner posts of the bed.

Vivien stood over her. She let the whip glide over Michelle's taut body. Then she sat down beside her. Her

fingertips traced a gentle circle over Michelle's breasts. The caressing strokes coasted languidly over her belly and slowly inched their way down to her vulva. Her palm caressed the silken texture of Michelle's shaven pubes. The hand moved up and down her thighs and returned to the entrance of her love nest. It was still dry. Vivien lubricated the handle of the whip with some saliva and slowly let it slide into Michelle's anus. A moan escaped her throat. She arched her back as the object slipped inside her. Vivien's other hand explored the crevices and folds of Michelle's cunt. She touched the crown of her love button and the rim of her lips. They opened up like the petals of a rose. Vivien felt the first drops of love juice moistening her finger. A knowing smile played across her face.

After a while, Vivien extracted the whip from Michelle's anus. She let its tip wander over Michelle's body until it reached her mouth.

«Kiss it,» she ordered.

Michelle lifted her head and tried to touch the whip. But the restraints prevented her from reaching it. «Come on, what's wrong?» Vivien asked. Michelle bent forward, but her lips were still an inch away from the object. But Vivien could touch her. Her tongue, moist and velvety, played over the eager mouth languishing in this strained position. One finger stroked Michelle's clitoris, while another moved inside her inner walls.

Michelle fell back on the pillow and gave in to the sensations rising from her cunt. The whip's fine, black leather tip traced a line along her mouth, ears, forehead, nose, and back to her lips again.

«I like your face,» Vivien said. «And your new hairstyle.»

«I had it specially cut for you yesterday.»

Michelle was wearing a short and hard-edged cut, coloured peroxide-blonde,

«You look like Grace Jones, like a white-skinned sister of hers. What a fine skin you've got. So smooth, and flawless, - like your cunt.»

«I spent a long time this afternoon preparing myself for you in the way I knew you'd like.

Vivien's tongue slid into Michelle's half-open mouth and savoured its moistness. With her index-finger she collected a trickle of saliva and spread it like a film over her cherry-coloured, pursed lips.

«Paloma Picasso?» she asked. Michelle nodded.



© Brian M. Viveros

Vivien placed the whip between Michelle's glossy lips, lengthwise, so that she couldn't talk. She then walked to the window and looked outside. After a while, she turned around and observed Michelle's physique, her nakedness, her helpless body exposed to the whims of her desires.

She went to the other end of the room and took a second whip from the table. It was thinner, finer than the one Michelle was still holding between her teeth. She came over to the bed. In her hand she held two silver clips. They looked like small pegs. A cold shudder ran down Michelle's spine as they touched her breasts. They felt cold and made her nipples very stiff. «You're reacting well,» Vivien observed, «it's so much easier to attach these clamps, when your nipples are erect.»

A sharp pain flashed through Michelle's body. The whip automatically dropped out of her mouth. She took a deep breath. But Vivien put the whip back between her teeth. «Hold it, or I will punish you even harder. Now I'm only playing.» As if to emphasize her words, she let the other whip wander around the edge of Michelle's breasts. She touched her aureoles, and then the tips of her nipples. She relished the moans issuing from Michelle's mouth. The whip moved downwards to the belly, pubes and thighs. Suddenly a hard stroke hit her flank; then a second and a third. The stinging pain made her blood rush through her veins. Now the whip was teasing her again. On her thighs, her hips, around the navel. The pain receded and was replaced with a tingling sensation that sent shudders down her spine. Then, suddenly, another blow smacked her breasts. The pain was more intense than before. She waited for the next lash. She waited, and waited. But nothing happened.

Unexpectedly, she had her blindfold removed. When she opened her eyes, she saw Vivien tossing back her hair in an imperious gesture. She held the whip in one hand and bent it with the other until the tension has increased nearly to breaking point. Then, a burning feeling hit her thighs. Her vision became foggy and blurred. Through the transparent filter of her tears, she noticed Vivien walking around the bed, observing the reactions of her victim, inflicting sharp, intense pains on her when least expected.

Michelle lost all trace of what was happening to her in this room. She was unable to control her feelings any longer. She had relinquished her will and acquiesced to the desires of her tormentor. She yielded her body to the cruel whims of her mistress. In this dazed state, she soon lost count of the number of strokes that had hit her. Her flesh was hot and throbbing, but the pain had numbed her mind. She could no longer feel where the blows struck

her. Her skin was on fire everywhere.

Suddenly, Michelle felt the clamps being removed from her breasts. She opened her eyes. Her nipples were sore. Vivien knew this and touched them with the tip of her whip. Michelle's breathing got shorter. 'What is she going to do next?' she thought. A rush of adrenaline poured into her bloodstream and the pangs in her belly became unbearable.

Vivien leaned against the headboard. She was extremely calm. One foot was hooked behind the other. She looked at Michelle's reflection in the large mirror beside the bed.

«What a beautiful sight you are!» - She reached forward and touched Michelle's breasts with the palm of her hand. «Your skin is so delicate. How it reacts to my caresses.»

Her finger was tracing a line down to Michelle's belly, to the crack between her thighs.

Michelle's pain now turned into pure lust, white and hot. Her nerves were on fire. Pricked by the needle of desire, a swelling sensation of carnal appetite was flourishing in her body. A burning passion for Vivien, her Punishing and caressing hand, surged from her belly. Blood was pulsating in her pelvis and flushed into her cunt.

Vivien's hand was still resting on Michelle's vulva. «You're so wet. Are you enjoying this?» Michelle only answered with a moan. «Let me select another good spot then», Vivien said. A second later, Michelle heard the hiss of the whip. It sounded like a snake going for its prey. This time it hit her inner thighs. From the corner of her eyes she saw another movement of Vivien's arm. Another lash hit her. Vivien was wielding the whip with precision. It hurt really badly, and Vivien knew it. That's why she aimed at the delicate,

sensitive parts of the inner thighs. And Michelle knew that Vivien knew. She gave in to her mistress' choice of stimulations that led her down to the crossroads where pain and pleasure meet.

Michelle's body was now twisting in the ropes that kept her down on the bed. She felt the ceiling tilting over her. Vertigo seized her as she tumbled into the bottomless pit of her desires. She stared into a dark void that knew no gravity and made her head spin.

She lost track of the world around her. She was seized by a torrent that carried her out into the endless sea. «Vivien, Vivien!» she wanted to say. But her mouth had become dry and her tongue so swollen that speech was impossible. Her arms wanted to reach out for Vivien. But they were bound to the bed. She lifted her heaving body





from the mattress. But the ropes gave her little leeway. Suddenly, her womb seized up; a fire discharged into her cunt; her mind exploded.

When she had half regained her consciousness, she noticed Vivien lapping up the rivers that were flowing from her cunt. Her actions carried on unabated. Michelle closed her eyes and felt how her sensitive spot began to swell again. Vivien's agile tongue circled around the little head of passion and made it rise prominently from the surrounding folds of flesh. With her fingers, she opened the rosy petals and licked the blossom on the stem. Her hands grasped the firm roundness of Michelle's bottom and caressed the curve of her long haunches. The tip of her tongue circled around the swollen staff, then dipped into the slippery groove of Michelle's sex.

The wings of pleasure started fluttering again and sent her soaring. Liquid fire pulsed through her veins. A volcanic stream rose from her pelvis through her spine up into her head. Michelle's whole body was shaking as another orgasm ripped through her limbs. The stinging lashes of the whip had set light to her body. But the soothing action of Vivien's tongue had relieved the pains and released the stored-up tension in an earth-shattering climax.

Then she drowned in a sea of quiet satisfaction.

Some time later, she heard a voice saying to her: 'That's enough for tonight. You can rest now and recover. If you expected more, I shall leave you to your dreams. I'll come back. But not tonight. You are here for the whole weekend. Tomorrow there will be more surprises in store for you. I leave it to your fantasy to imagine what they might be.'

While Michelle was recovering from her delirium, Vivien untied her hands and feet. She was still wearing her collar and cuffs as she fell asleep.

When Michelle woke up the next morning and wanted to turn over to get another hour of sleep, she felt a stinging pain on her thighs. Her mind was still in a daze, but slowly she began to recollect the events of the previous evening. She tentatively opened her eyes. She was lying in the room, where Vivien had given her the «lesson» from which she was still suffering.

No sound could be heard. Thick velvet curtains shielded her from any light or noise. She got out of bed and opened the window. The light was blinding. It must have been past midday. It was Sunday, she remembered. As she was passing the mirror, she looked at herself. The first thing she noticed was the dog collar she was still wearing; then she discovered the marks on her thighs which had made her wake up. She decided to have a shower and freshen herself up.

The bathroom was just a few paces down the corridor. When the water stream hit her skin, it produced a burning sensation. She didn't dare use any soap, nor towel herself dry in the usual fashion. She looked through the cupboards to find some cream or lotion. Most of them were perfumed and would not have been too pleasant on her skin. Eventually she found a bottle of a suitable balm and took it back to the bedroom. She lay down and rubbed the soothing fluid all over her body. Her nipples still felt sore, but they stiffened as she massaged her breasts with the lotion. Her hands wandered down to her cunt. She closed her eyes, and like in a film sequence, a stream of images of the events of the previous evening ran through her mind. Within minutes, an orgasm shook her body; and she hadn't even reached the second spool!

From a far distance she heard some noises, but she thought that they formed part of the reminiscences in her mind. She was so engrossed in the delectable memories and so much taken by the arousing power of her index finger that she didn't hear the steps approaching the bedroom door. As she recovered from her climax and slowly opened her eyes, she noticed Vivien standing in front of the bed. She held a tray in her hand, offering her some breakfast.

«But as I can see, you have found other ways of nourishing yourself,» Vivien said, putting down the tray with a smile. «And I thought you would be famished after your late night duty yesterday.» She sat down on the bed and gave Michelle a kiss. One hand rested on Michelle's hip, causing her to utter a groan. Vivien noticed the streaks on the thighs.

«Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you had such an enduring night-shift. Let

me give you a massage to ease your pain.» She took the lotion bottle from the table. 'That will do you good and revive your senses.» Vivien poured some cream into the palm of her hand and gently massaged Michelle's legs and upper body. She took her time to moisturize Michelle's breasts, the inner sides of her thighs, and all the parts that had suffered from the treatment meted out to her the previous night. Vivien observed the rather predictable reactions her massage was producing. Finally, she replaced her hand with her tongue. Michelle's aching nipples could not help but respond to the caresses. The crimson buds rose in expectation and became erect with excitement. When Vivien's tongue moved down towards the junction between Michelle's thighs and opened up the flower of her sex, the juices began to flow again.

Vivien's tongue dived into the folds of Michelle's love nest and quickly found the central spot of desire. She made it raise its purple head and swell to full size. Michelle yielded to the coaxing pressure of the soft ministrations. Sweet



ecstasy began to flow through her veins again. Michelle moaned. She wanted more. She desired the full weight of Vivien's body on hers. She pulled her up from the lower depths of her body. She kissed her lips. Her hand seized the silky flesh of Vivien's undulating globes protruding from the kimono, and her finger brought the nipples to full erection. Her tongue played with the heavy fruit that now hung over her face. She felt the pressure of Vivien's cunt on hers. Her hand slid down to touch her friend's sensitive spot. But Vivien wouldn't let her.

«Let me serve you for a change, she murmured. Her head moved slowly down Michelle's body. Her tongue circled around her belly-button. She pulled Michelle's legs up to her shoulders and let her breasts touch the soft, exposed lips. Her flesh pressed against the vulva, one nipple touching the clitoris. Vivien's breasts became wet from the rivulet streaming out of Michelle's pouting pussy lips. The moisture between the two skins closed an electric circuit and sent wave after wave of pure lust through their bodies. Michelle's hand ran down Vivien's spine. Her fingernails, sharp like arrows, delved deep into the flesh. They trailed up and down her back, leaving long scratches on the skin. Now it was Vivien who was shuddering in ecstasy.

Their hearts were pounding, their breathing shortened, the sounds emanating from their throats were getting louder. Two torsos pressing against each other. Naked legs entwined. Hands cupping breasts. Teeth biting into hard nipples. Body covering body. Kisses planted on every conceivable part of the anatomy. And the taste of salty sweat trickling down the skin. «More, give me more, one voice begged. «Harder, let me feel you. Give it to me,» the other demanded.

Vivien caressed Michelle's nipples in all imaginable manners, biting and kissing them, tracing circles around the aureoles with her tongue, stroking the pink buds with the tips of her fingers. Her mouth wandered down the smooth, flat stomach until it reached the love grotto. Michelle's breath fluttered as her lover's tongue continued its journey down the inside of her thighs, only to return to the sanctuary of love. She wriggled her hips, tensed the sinewy muscles of her thighs and was soon squirming in ecstasy. A wave of delicious sensations rippled through her body.

Vivien extracted her tongue from the soft folds of Michelle's sex and placed a pillow underneath her buttocks. In an alternating rhythm she slapped them, left and right, left and right. Then, her tongue was buried deep in the walls of Michelle's cunt again. When Vivien kissed her on the mouth, Michelle could taste the salty juices from her own oyster. Vivien kissed her hard, bit her lips and tongue, and smothered her in her embrace. Heat waves rose to Michelle's head. Her pores opened up and beads of sweat ran down her temples.

Suddenly Vivien stopped. She held Michelle's head firmly between her hands. She pressed her friend onto the bed and looked into her eyes. Her tongue was just an inch away from her lips, slowly letting a trickle of saliva run into a mouth that was eager to catch every drop of it. «I want you to make me so horny that my love juices start running like a stream. I want you to fuck me with your tongue and savour every drop of it,» Vivien said with a

cool, composed voice. «Yes, yes,» Michelle whispered, «let me suck you, let me fuck you with my tongue.»

Vivien reached forward and placed the pillow under Michelle's head. «Let me sit over you, so that you can reach me and no drop of my love stream will be wasted.» Vivien lowered her body so that her swollen pussy lips were just an inch away from Michelle's eager mouth. She watched how Michelle's tongue reached out and tried to touch the cunt that was so tantalizingly near. Vivien pressed her down into the pillow and rested her knees on her shoulders. With one hand she reached behind her back until it touched the sensitive spot in her lover's wet cunt. Now it was also possible for Michelle to touch the tip of Vivien's clitoris. It had grown big, stiff, purple, and was glistening with moistness.

«Do you want to have more?» Vivien asked. Michelle moaned and lifted her head. With difficulty, her tongue reached the pussy lips dangling over her mouth like ripe figs. «Come on, baby,» Vivien incited her. «Suck me, lick me, let me come into your mouth.»

Michelle thought she was going mad. The heady perfume of Vivien's cunt and the taste of her luscious juices made her delirious with desire. But Vivien was playing cat and mouse with her. She reproached her, calling her a lazy whore. And Michelle's answer could only be: «Please, please, let me. I want to. I am trying.» When she reached the last step on the ladder of mounting ecstasy, her voice had become a whining tone, repeating her «Please. Please. I want you. I need you.»

And finally Vivien took pity on her. Her body turned around and she lowered her sex over Michelle's mouth. At the same time she buried her own face into the velvety, delicate tissue of Michelle's love nest. They enveloped each other in a passionate embrace. They feasted on each other's moist and swollen lips. They drank each other's streaming love juices. They were panting and gasping in ecstasy. Their backs were arched in a trembling state of convulsion. Sweat was running from their breasts and bellies. And then, the most powerful orgasm soared through their bodies. Their circling, licking, sucking tongues led them from one climax to another.

Afterwards, when they had fully recovered, they remembered the breakfast that was still resting on the table by the bed. But by now, the croissants had gone soggy and the coffee become cold. Vivien took the tray and carried the things back into the kitchen. Michelle slipped into a T-shirt and followed her. She was as hungry as a lion.

‘That’s what the maids of times past must have felt like after long weekend shift,’ she thought. It certainly was the most delicious brunch she had had for a very long time.

**All artwork by Brian M Viveros**

**946 Alta Loma Dr.**

**Corona, CA 92720**

**USA**

**(909) 279.1663**

# Michael Mann

## How did this all begin? I read that you started out by self-publishing...

I have always drawn pictures, starting from when I was old enough to pick up a pencil. It's second nature for me to communicate through images so comix seemed like the way to go. Erotica has been a favourite subject of mine since puberty. It eventually took over as a primary theme.

I began self-publishing in the mid-80's, initially on a very modest scale; making handmade books as a way to trade artwork with my friends. I had access to photocopiers. Later on, a friend who was working at a print shop cut me some good deals. I wasn't really thinking in terms of becoming a professional comix artist, of earning a living from it. I was just doing it for the love of it - and since most of my work was so weird and sexually explicit, I thought that no one would ever want to publish it. So I published it myself.

Now, I'm glad that I approached it that way. I was able to work out my own ideas without having to be answerable to anyone else. I had to be financially creative because I was on a low budget and I got to learn the whole process from start to finish: writing, drawing, editing, printing, distribution, advertising. Often, I had to improvise because there was no one to guide me. I made mistakes, but I learned a lot.

## Did you go to art school - and if so, were you already doing fetish inspired artwork?

After graduating from highschool, I studied film and animation at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts (1981-1985). I had already been drawing erotic images since before I was a teenager, but mostly they were for myself. I would only show them to close friends.

Meeting and developing relationships with other artists had a profound effect on me. I grew much more confident in my artistic and social skills and, consequentially, in pursuing the work that was important to me. By my third year review boards (a critique of the semester's work by students and instructors), I was showing a series of drawings entitled "Ivory and Jade" in which I was attempting to do an updated version of shunga, the Japanese erotic prints of the 17th - 19th centuries. They were mostly bisexual and group sex themes; nothing too kinky or fetish oriented, though I do remember taking great pleasure in rendering the character's hairstyles, ornaments, and the flowing material of their robes.

I also remember how terrifying and thrilling it was to show this work to an impartial (and in one case, potentially hostile) group of viewers. I got surprisingly good reactions. You should understand, however, at this time, I had an even larger body of work that dealt with hard-core fetish themes that I still wasn't ready to show to the world. I felt that I still hadn't developed it well enough yet. It would take a few more years.

## Did you have other non-art-related jobs in the beginning?

In highschool and art school, I had various shit jobs: doing maintenance at a doctor's practice, sorting parts at a machine shop, mixing chemicals and handing out equipment at a darkroom. I have always pushed myself to find art-related work so, even while I was doing the above, I was bringing my portfolio around to try and get freelance jobs, working as a teaching assistant for film classes, etc. By my last year at the Museum School I was working close to full-

© Michael Manning "Maid Training III" - ink on paper - 25" x 11" - 1995



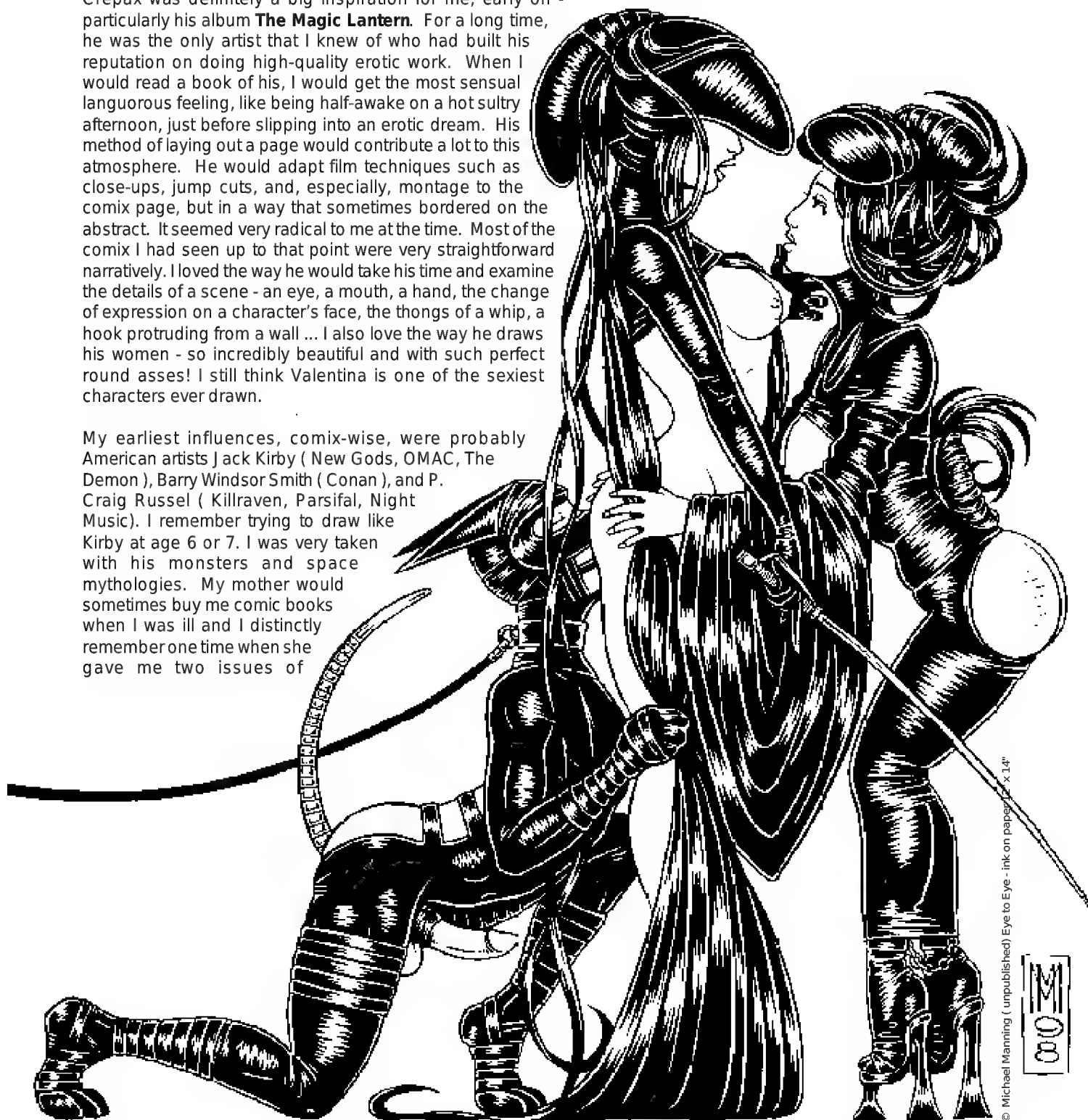
# ing interview

time as an illustrator at a computer company and as a designer/storyboard artist at a local animation studio, Olive Jar Animation. The animation work took over and I was there full-time as a director and key animator for seven years.

**Who are the artists that you admire and who have inspired you? Some of your artwork reminds me of Guido Crepax (Story of O) because of the way he frames his drawings...**

Crepax was definitely a big inspiration for me, early on - particularly his album **The Magic Lantern**. For a long time, he was the only artist that I knew of who had built his reputation on doing high-quality erotic work. When I would read a book of his, I would get the most sensual languorous feeling, like being half-awake on a hot sultry afternoon, just before slipping into an erotic dream. His method of laying out a page would contribute a lot to this atmosphere. He would adapt film techniques such as close-ups, jump cuts, and, especially, montage to the comix page, but in a way that sometimes bordered on the abstract. It seemed very radical to me at the time. Most of the comix I had seen up to that point were very straightforward narratively. I loved the way he would take his time and examine the details of a scene - an eye, a mouth, a hand, the change of expression on a character's face, the thongs of a whip, a hook protruding from a wall ... I also love the way he draws his women - so incredibly beautiful and with such perfect round asses! I still think Valentina is one of the sexiest characters ever drawn.

My earliest influences, comix-wise, were probably American artists Jack Kirby (New Gods, OMAC, The Demon), Barry Windsor Smith (Conan), and P. Craig Russel (Killraven, Parsifal, Night Music). I remember trying to draw like Kirby at age 6 or 7. I was very taken with his monsters and space mythologies. My mother would sometimes buy me comic books when I was ill and I distinctly remember one time when she gave me two issues of



© Michael Manning (unpublished) Eye to Eye - ink on paper 12" x 14"





© Guido Crepax - The Magic Lantern 1977

Smith's Conan, one of which had a guest appearance by SF writer Michael Moorcock's anti-hero Elric. I was in heaven! Smith and Russel (both of whom continue to do amazing work to this day) lead me to Alphonse Mucha and Aubrey Beardsley as well as the Symbolist and Pre-Raphaelite art movements. I am also very fond of fairy tale/children's book illustrators such as Edmund Dulac, Kay Nielsen, Willy Pogany, and Arthur Rackham.

The work of manga artist/animator Leiji Matsumoto (Captain Harlock, Galaxy Express 999) also had a significant effect on the development of my style. His animated series Star Blazers (Space Cruiser Yamato) premiered on American television while I was starting highschool and I refused to miss an

episode. In retrospect, I definitely see some of his delicate space goddesses with their long flowing hair in my character Shaalis. Of the classic ukiyo-e artists, I would have to say that Tsukioka Yoshitoshi is my favourite. He was producing much of his greatest work at a time when European art was first influencing Japanese artists - just as Japanese art was influencing some of the European artists I most admire like Mucha and Beardsley (I find this type of cross-fertilisation fascinating). Yoshitoshi's "Thirty-Six Ghosts" and "One Hundred Aspects of the Moon" are just brilliant. These days, I'm mainly interested in manga such as Yukito Kishiro's Battle Angel Alita, Hiroaki Samura's Blade of the Immortal, and Hiroyuki Utagami's Seraphic Feather as well as the paintings of Masami Teraoka and the animated films of Hayao Miyazaki.

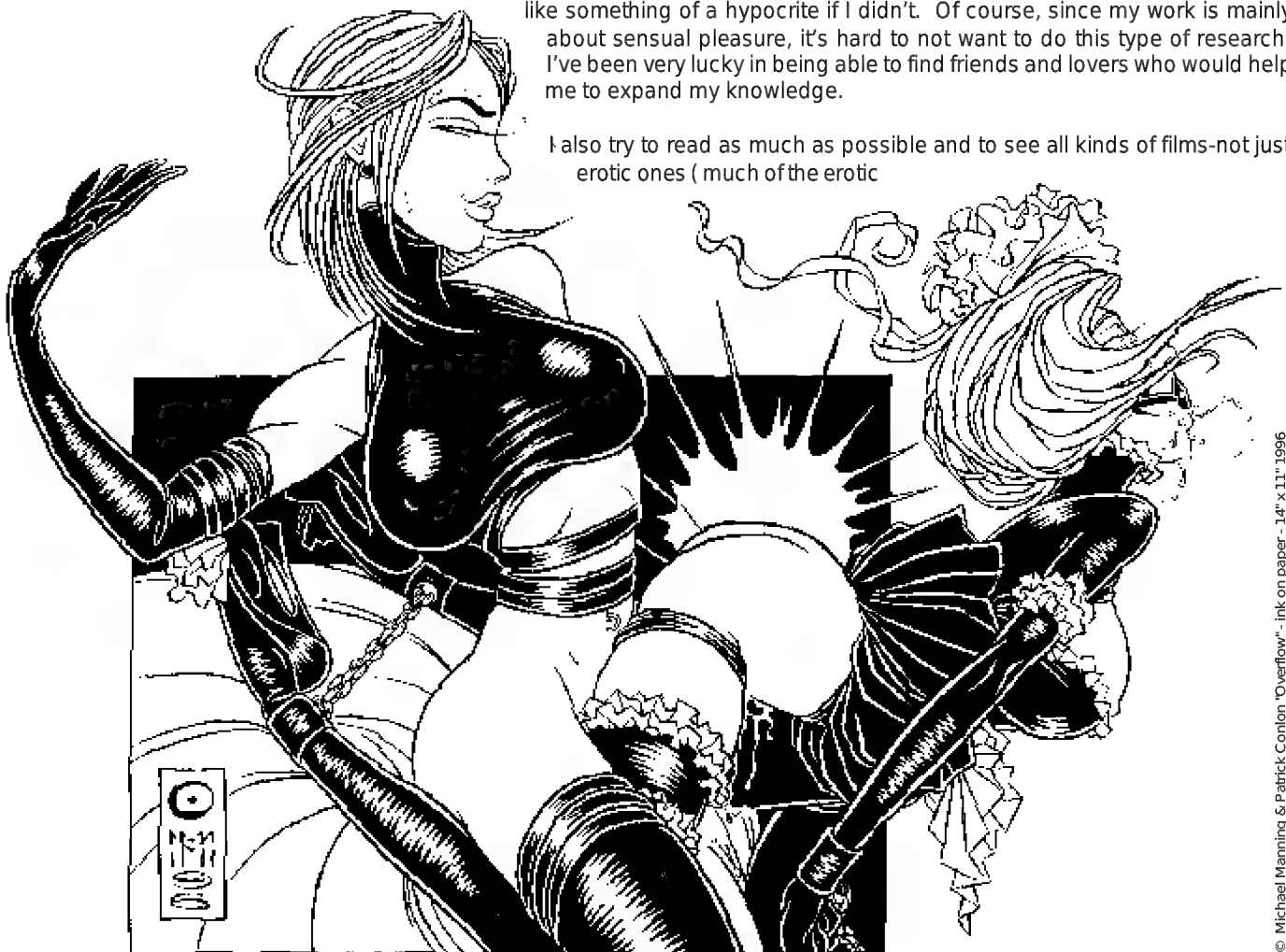
Another important influence on my work which is not so readily apparent is music. One of my first continuing strips "Red Time Overload" was based in part on the music of the band Chrome and my book **Cathexis** is dedicated to them. I like many of the German krautrock bands of the 60's /70's such as Faust, Can, Neu, Cluster, Amon Duul II, and Kraftwerk. Recent favourites are Main, Seefeel, Byzar, Scala, Tricky, DJ Spooky, Mouse On Mars, and Datacide - some of which I've used as soundtracks for live performances done in collaboration with dominatrix/performance artist Midori.

#### Where do you get your ideas? Do you use photographs?

My ideas for stories and images are mainly an accumulation of details from my daily life. I try to keep my eyes and my ears and my mind open to as many new experiences as I can. Admittedly, my experiences are probably very different from most people. I've tried

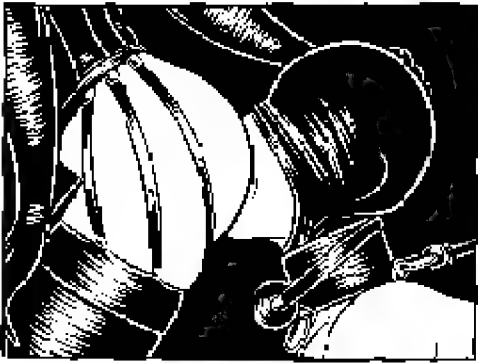
most of the sexual situations I've portrayed in my work in real life. I would feel like something of a hypocrite if I didn't. Of course, since my work is mainly about sensual pleasure, it's hard to not want to do this type of research! I've been very lucky in being able to find friends and lovers who would help me to expand my knowledge.

I also try to read as much as possible and to see all kinds of films-not just erotic ones (much of the erotic



© Michael Manning &amp; Patrick Conlon "Overflow" - ink on paper - 14" x 11" 1996





comix/art I see seems to have been made by people who've watched too many bad porn films). I will sometimes smoke pot or drink a glass of wine and listen to some music, go to see bands, ride my bicycle, walk around the city - almost anything I do can be inspirational.

As far as photo-reference goes, I try to draw as much out of my head as possible. The human body can be very complicated to draw from certain angles though ( and I use a lot of angles ), so the camera or the anatomy book will come out. Sometimes, I'll look at other photographers' work to get perspective or proportion right, but I'm very sensitive about not just mindlessly copying someone else's work. As I said before, it's boring to read comix that are inspired by mainstream pornography and it's even duller to see art that's obviously taken from Penthouse or Skin Two or some other magazine. It's laziness on the part of the artist.

Originally, my wife Lyn Gaza (who is a professional photographer) and myself were my best references for my work. We still trade off photographing each other. Lately, I've been working with several models, which has been great. Apart from being uniformly very attractive, they are all very different physically and I've learned a lot about the subtleties of the human figure. I've produced some amazing pieces, the majority of which have yet to be published.

**Latex, bondage, pony girls/saddles, and group sex are often featured in your work. What is the attraction?**

Personally, I find them very erotic. As a whole, they are fairly common themes in S/M-oriented works, but I try to approach them in an unconventional way, not just use them as props.

What I like about latex ( and here you must take my word for it that what my characters are wearing is latex - of some super-strong, super-pliable variety that's yet to be invented ) is that it is a post-industrial, space-age type material. Unlike leather (which to me has a more primal, armour-like feel latex conforms to the surface it covers, outlining and defining the body as a second skin. It's polished surface recalls liquid, glass, or metal and it makes a lovely contrast to human flesh.

My fascination with pony girls ( and pony boys and saddles and all things equestrian ) stems from my interest in how humans interact with animals - a complicated relationship to say the least. In one hundred thousand years, we've gone from fearing and worshipping them to subjugating and domesticating them. They are our companions, our slaves, our art objects, and our food.

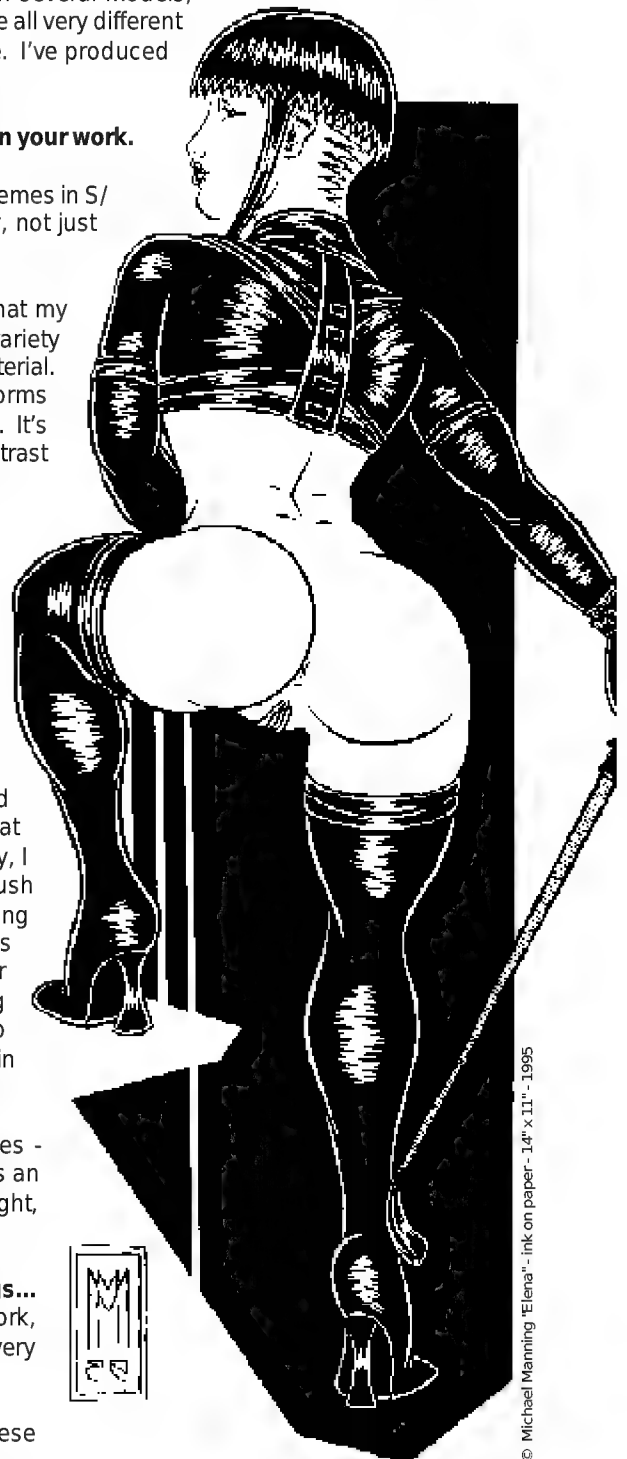
Humans and horses, in particular, have a very extreme dominant/submissive relationship. Horses are bred and trained to serve as mounts with their sexuality sublimated to serve their owners' needs. Their standard equipment includes a gag, reins, blinders, saddle, and leather harness that leaves their genitals on display - all standard B + D trappings. Physically, I find them very beautiful: their large dark eyes, their manes and tails like lush human hair, those big sexy asses, wide-hipped and feminine, narrowing down to muscular legs and hooves that give the impression of precarious balance, like human legs in high-heeled boots... It is not a huge leap for me, imagination-wise, to envision a strong sexy man or woman fulfilling this role. The thought of someone with a human intellect being forced to serve on this submissive animal level ( as the twins Uma and Una must in **Tranceptor** ) is a dichotomy that I find extremely arousing.

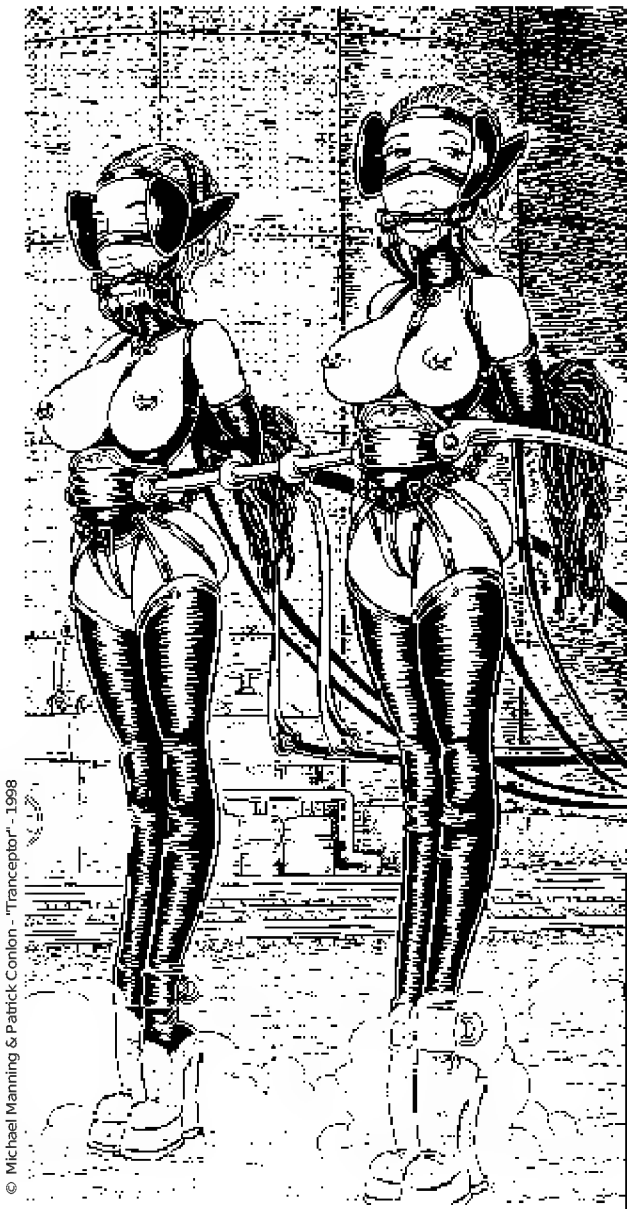
Group sex is appealing to me because it provides multiple possibilities - different pairings and interactions between the characters. It also lends an air of intent. A couple may decide to have sex on a whim or as an afterthought, but three or more participants indicates complicity and planning.

**Some of your characters seem to be human/animal hybrids or cyborgs...**

I like to combine elements of both fantasy and science fiction in my work, particularly in the Spider Garden series. Sometimes, these themes get very intricately interwoven.

For example, take the Tengu - beast men who have their origins in Japanese





folklore. The classic tengu were crow-like beings, tricksters who disguised themselves as itinerant monks and haunted mountainous areas. As with many supernatural beings in Japanese mythology, their misdeeds often had erotic overtones - something I choose to emphasise. My Tengu are doglike or horselike rather than avian (tengu was originally derived from the Chinese mountain demon t'ien kou which can be translated as "Celestial Dog"). They represent, on one hand, a raw passionate animalistic sexuality. They lust after the humans whom they once subjugated as pets and slaves. On the other hand, they also represent an ancient race with a highly refined culture who have learned to coexist with humanity. They are highly skilled artisans who produce sophisticated, nearmagical technology, which they trade to humans for sexual favours.

The Spider Garden itself combines Tengu, human, and alien technology. It is a living cybernetic organism. Guests visiting the Garden can physically connect themselves to its web, a system of wires and cables that can provide stimuli of various kinds. The Garden's concubines are tended by and make love to the mechanical spiders and insects that also serve it. Lichurna, the serpent woman,

uses a similar type of technology in Hydrophidian to see through the eyes of her naiads and to control their movement.

I see cybernetics, the physical interface of human and machine, as a metaphor for the type of symbiosis that can occur during an elaborate D/S scene - the manipulation of sensation and control of aesthetic detail on a fantastic level. Under the surface, though, seethes the unpredictable, uncontrollable lust that inspires sexual creativity - the "Tengu" side, if you will.

**Cathexis, Ukiyo X, Squamata - exotic words seem to have a special attraction for you. Where do you get your names?**

From dictionaries, encyclopaedias, phone directories - whatever reference books I have on hand. Sometimes, I'll combine existing words to create new ones (Hydrophidian, Lumenagerie) or borrow them from other languages (Okami, Musume, Hanashita). What's most important to me is that a word or name has the proper meaning and that it sounds right.

**Any inspiration from the Satanic side of this world?**

Not especially. I went through a period of interest in witchcraft and the supernatural when I was in my teens, but it never went beyond the research stage. I was mainly looking for erotic material. I have a friend who is an ordained minister in Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. I find that I admire him more for his artwork and his sense of humour than his diabolist affiliations. For the most part, I find Satanism to be as dogmatic and conservative as Christianity.

As far as artwork goes, I can think of one specific instance; in "Audio Frequency Book of the Dead" ( **Cathexis** ), most of the imagery is based on ancient Egyptian mythology with its animalistic deities and the journey and trials of the ka (soul) after death. However, one of the trials which the central character, Heljefa, must submit to is based on the osculum infame (the kiss of shame), a Black Mass ritual invented by the Inquisition, in which medieval witches would worship a goatlike devil by kissing his ass.

This image has a very powerful sexual resonance for me - not for its implication of blasphemy (my feelings toward Christianity are for the most part ambivalent), but for some of the archetypes present: the supernatural/divine being who is both human and animal (complete, in a sense) and the object of veneration by the sexually-enslaved human being. There is also the sense of contradiction here inherent in some S/M practices where a potentially degrading act such as ass licking or bestiality becomes an act of worship and a privilege. Ultimately, it's this interplay of potentially contradictory concepts and not specifically the Satanic element that I find inspiring.

**Have you had to cope with censorship? You draw on very sensitive subject matter and with the puritanical American mind-set, you must have had some objections to your work...**

It's fairly easy to get my work here in the US and the response to it has been overwhelmingly positive. If there are people out there who actively dislike my work; they haven't made it a public issue.

© Michael Manning "Rein III" - ink on paper 4" x 11" - 1997



There have been a few situations where publishers have gotten cold feet at the last minute and backed out on me. I believe that this had more to do with poor financial planning on their part rather than outright censorship. If a company has mismanaged its finances, the first things to get cut are usually the "risky" projects i.e.: the stuff they don't understand how to promote and that might pose distribution problems for them. One editor who broke a book contract with me went on at great length about how my work was unpublishable and unpromotable and how the publisher (his boss) couldn't afford to be associated with my work because it would damage his reputation. In fact, I think that they were embarrassed to admit that they had sunk most of their money into projects that didn't pan out and were desperate to cut their losses.

Other than that, the biggest problems I've run into have been in the UK and those have mainly been on an annoyance level. My books will periodically be seized by customs. The majority of my work is too explicit to be published there and the images that do appear often have the genitals pasted over. Despite the difficulty they have in obtaining my work, I have a lot of fans and supporters there. Oddly enough, there was an article on banned books in the Nov. 98 issue of the UK tabloid magazine Bizarre with an accompanying photo of a nude model

whose breasts were covered by a copy of **The Spider Garden** - a case where my work was being used to censor someone else's! I was quite pleased.

**When doing commissions for private collectors, what is your favourite subject and what do you dislike or refuse to draw?**

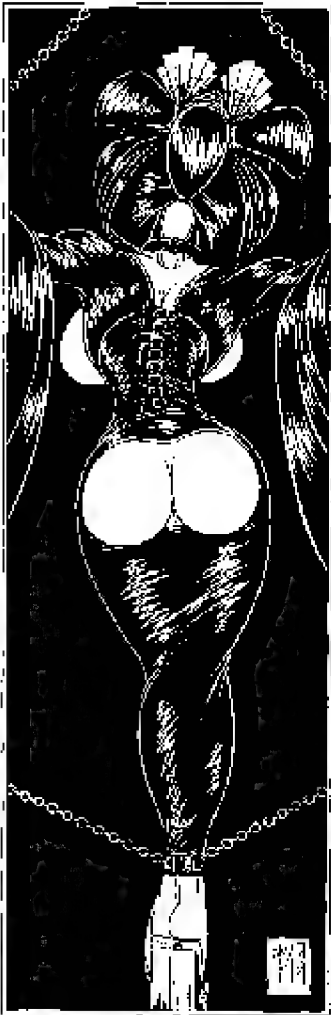
I have a drawing series that I have been working on for several years entitled "Maid Training", examples of which appear in **Lumenagerie**. I'm very fond of the classic black and white maid ensemble, particularly in latex, with its implication of domestic sexual service and submission. I've adapted client's requests for images dealing with a variety of basic sexual themes such as cross-dressing, lesbianism, and fist-fucking to fit this series about the erotic education of maids, both male and female. It's a very loosely structured series with a constantly changing cast of characters. Other favourites include my character Okami/Sasaya from **The Spider Garden** in various scenarios and, of course, equine themes.

So far, I haven't received very many requests for commissions that I've felt uncomfortable with. Occasionally, I'll get one that will be a challenge because it's something I'm not necessarily into. I remember the fourth or fifth commission I ever received was for an incest scenario which I had no qualms about, but the client wanted the characters to resemble a popular director and actress, neither of whom I found particularly attractive. Nowadays, I would probably have asked him to choose different source material, but I struggled through it which, unfortunately, showed in the final piece (to me, at least - the client seemed to like it).



© Michael Manning "The Spider Garden" - 1995

© Michael Manning "Latex Concubine" - ink on paper - 24" x 14" - 1994



I also remember receiving a letter from a fan who wanted to know if I would be willing to handle "forbidden" subjects. They cited the stamp on the letter they sent as an example - a Bellini portrait of the Madonna and Child. I sent back a very polite letter stating that if it had something to do with Jesus or Christianity, that I probably wouldn't be interested - not because I'm a prude, but because blasphemy is boring to me. I think that for the perversion of a religious image to have power, you have to believe in that faith to a certain extent and I am through with Catholicism and Christianity. I had more than enough of it as a child. I never did get a reply to that letter.

Every so often, I'll get a potential client who's

mapped out a particular fantasy in such a ridiculous amount of detail that I can't lend anything to it. They'll send me pages and pages of material - I'll usually turn them down. Fortunately, most of my clients will give me a basic idea and let me run with it, doing what I do best.

**With your trademark being your striking black and white drawings, why have you recently begun to work in colour?**

As I noted previously, when I first began doing comix, I was working primarily with photocopiers in the printing stage which meant that keeping the artwork easily reproducible was a priority. This meant working mostly in black and white. This was in no way limiting. It helped me find my direction. I love black and white and will continue to work in it as long as I'm doing comix and illustration. It's my preferred medium - but now that I have more options open to me, I want to explore new territory.

I've been painting in colour for the last two years; both large-scale pieces and comix format - like the cover to my most recent book **Tranceptor**. Collaborating with artist Patrick Conlon definitely gave me the confidence to attempt that one. He has a more painterly style than I do and his colour illustrations and tattoo work are beautiful. He had me looking at both my colour and my black and white work in a new way. I'm currently working on a colour strip "Arcana" that was originally being serialised in Hustler's Leg World.

The pieces I'm most proud of right now were completed last Fall three large panels for a client's private dungeon. Two are 72" x 24" (1830 mm x 610 mm) and a center panel which is 48 x 48" (1220 mm x 1220 mm). They show a dominatrix with a backless gown seated on a combination throne/candelabra formed out of bound men in latex. This is flanked on either side by images of the dominatrix catheterizing her slaves, forcing them to drink their own fluids and pleasure each other. The figures are painted in black and white, but in a gloss finish against a matte ox blood background. All the tubes and chains of the apparatus surrounding them are done in iridescent metallic copper. Depending on how the light strikes them, different details emerge.

**Can you explain your hunger for this not always lucrative quest? What is it that motivates you to continue?**

Love and death are what motivate me.

Love - of which I believe sex is one of the greatest expressions in all its many forms and permutations. Love in the sense that I love my characters and creations. They're an extension of me, of my soul. I love what I'm doing even when it's stressful and when there is little or no financial reward. When I did the interview that appeared in **Lumenagerie**, I was broke a lot of the time. Four years later, I'm doing better, but I still live pretty close to the bone. Unfortunately, unless you're involved in the mainstream entertainment industry here, artists often get shitty pay and very little respect.

You have to love what you're doing. Death is a motivating factor because of its prevalence in my life at certain points. This is difficult for me to get into, but I feel it needs to be addressed.

The first death that truly effected me was that of my cousin, Michael, who was a year younger than me at the time (I was 17). He died in an auto accident one week after his father, my Uncle Frank, died of a heart attack. Later that year, I was taking a train back to my parent's house one evening when it was discovered that we had run someone over (this happened at a station where, one week before, a woman had been murdered). When I finally got back to my parent's place, I discovered that they were very upset. They had learned that a friend of mine from highschool had died in an auto accident along with her boyfriend. I was devastated. The last time we had seen each other, she had been planning on joining me at art school.

In the next couple of years, I lost my great grandmother, my great-aunt and uncle, most of my grandparents, and my younger brother, Peter, who was only 16. His death was the worst - a multi-car accident on my father's birthday two days before Christmas. Another motorist, a pregnant woman, died also. Shortly after this, a man committed suicide by laying in front a subway car that I was riding on. I began to feel as though I was cursed and my life became very fragmented for a while.

For better or worse, it was my brother's death that truly made me reflect on what I was doing with my life. His had only just begun before it was cut short. It made me realise how tenuous my own existence was. If I didn't do what I needed to do, my life would be over before I knew it. Every day now, I see things that remind me of the fact

that my time here is limited. I could die tomorrow. Any of us could. That is motivation enough for me to want to accomplish something while I'm here.

### What would you like to achieve in your lifetime?

When you asked me which artists I admired and who's work had influenced mine, I listed many names. There are actually many more I would have liked to have included, but the list would have grown ridiculously long. Everyone that I could mention though has created work that moved me on a very deep level and made me feel, if only for a short time, as if I had a special connection to them - as if they were speaking directly to me. That's something I would like to achieve. To form that connection, to move people emotionally with my work the way that other artists have moved me with theirs.

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- **NEWS ABOUT NOISE** (NAN, 1989) early version of "Haze"
- **XERO #6** (Z/Xero image, 1989) back cover, "Red Time Overload", and illo's for "Idle Walks" insert by Rich Rodgers
- **DARK CHAOS #14** (Ed Stastny, 1990) back cover, art, and interview
- **BONESAW** (Tundra, 1991) "Ankoku Buto" strip w/ Misha and second version of "Haze"
- **EXIT** (George Petros, 1991) "Nietzsche Contra Exit" illo.
- **FRIGHTEN THE HORSES #5** (Heat Seeking, 1991) cover and illo's for "Let's Pretend" by Mark Pritchard
- **FRIGHTEN THE HORSES #6** (Heat Seeking, 1991) "Circe's House"
- **SPIRAL** (Z/Xero Image, 1992) new strips w/ reprints of "Stunner Audio Frequency..." and "Circe's House"
- **FRIGHTEN THE HORSES #9** (Heat Seeking, 1992) cover and illo's for "Causes of Death" by Tamar Perla
- **PLEASURABLE PASSAGES** (Diva Graphix, 1993) illo's from "Frozen Motion" and "Circe's House"
- **NAUGHTY BUT NICE** (Diva Graphix, 1993) illo's from "Frozen Motion" and "Circe's House".
- **TASTE OF LATEX #9** (Lily Braindrop, 1993) "After Shock" story and illo's
- **FRIGHTEN THE HORSES #12** (Heat seeking, 1993) - illo's for "Stiff" by Lyn Giza
- **SKIN TWO #13** (Tim Woodward, 1993) illo's for "Damned in the USA" by Pat Califa
- **HELIOS CREED** (Z/Xero Image, 1993) illustrated promotional tour booklet
- **THE SPIDER GARDEN** (Amerotica/NBM, 1995) graphic novel /re-prints "Shunga" portfolio
- **BLACK SHEETS** (Black Book, 1994) illo's for "Temporary Insanity" by Thomas Roche
- **S/M FUTURES** (Circlet Press, 1995) cover.
- **BODY PAINT #2** (Eros, 1995) "Dani" illo.
- **SPECTATOR #896** (Bold Type, 1995) illustrated interview by David Aaron Clark
- **LUMENAGERIE** (Amerotica/NBM, 1996) art collection w/ expanded DAC interview
- **HYDROPHIDIAN** (Amerotica/NBM, 1996) graphic novel
- **IN THE FLESH** (Outlaw Biker, 1996) art and interview
- **CUIR UNDERGROUND** (Cuir, Winter 1996) illo. w/ Patrick Conlon for "Dungeon of the Burning Angels" by David Aaron Clark
- **CUIR UNDERGROUND** (Cuir, Spring 1997) illo. w/ Raevyn TWS for "The Rape Chamber" by David Aaron Clark
- **CUIR UNDERGROUND** (Cuir, summer 1997) illo. for "An Old Dance Revisited" by David Aaron Clark
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, July 1997) "Arcana" color strip
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, September 1997) "Arcana" color strip
- **CATHEXIS** (Amerotica/NBM, 1997) anthology of early and unreleased work/re-prints most of SPIRAL, UKIYO X #2, and BONESAW/ strips w/ new versions of "Red Time Overload", "Stunner", and "Audio Frequency..."
- **PIERCING FANS INT'L QUARTERLY #50** (Gauntlet, 1997) "Sealed With a Kiss" illo.
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, October 1997) "Arcana" color strip
- **JUXTAPOZ PRESENTS EROTICA** (High Speed, 1997) eight-page illustrated article by David Aaron Clark
- **MASQUERADE VOL. 7/ #1** (Masquerade Books, 1998) art and interview
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, March 1998) "Arcana" color strip
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, April 1998) "Arcana" color strip
- **LEG WORLD** (LFP, June 1998) "Arcana" color strip
- **TRANCEPTOR** (Amerotica/NBM, 1998) graphic novel w/ Patrick Conlon
- **MARQUIS #12** (MP, 1998) portfolio/ article

Michael Manning's books THE SPIDER GARDEN, LUMENAGERIE, HYDROPHIDIAN, CATHEXIS, and TRANCEPTOR are available from NBM Publishing, 185 Madison Avenue ( Suite 1504 ) New York, NY 10016, USA. Phn: 800-886-1223 / 212-545-1223. Fax: 212-545-1227. E-mail/Web: <http://www.nbmpub.com>

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**THE LADY IN**  
**LAEX**

# THE LADY IN LATEX

## BY BREND MULLER

With her bob haircut, painted face, and perky demeanor you might think Lady Latex was your average berlin-era fetish sweetheart. I still think so . . . although her meditative words suggest a darker, more mature woman. A native of Chicago by birth this springtime sexy sadist has settled in Berkeley, California, just an eye's stretch from Baghdad by the Bay.

"I love the Bay Area even more than I love Chicago," she says. "I know there's a saturated market of dominatrixes out here and I have a large slave-base in Chicago I shouldn't leave behind. But I came here to live and be part of the scene, not to work. Most of my work is on-line now so it doesn't matter where I live. Thank God for the video phone, it keeps me honest to my old slaves."

The interview is conducted in her red-draped dungeon. She sits me down on an uncomfortable folding chair and proceeds to lean back on her throne. She slowly strips off her latex gloves to reveal the sweaty white palms underneath. Bare-handed she constantly fiddles, and occasionally chews, on her riding crop throughout the interview.



### Why do so many people have this need to be punished?

You don't always have to think of it as punishment. Many do not, as I do. Although in a scene it's normal to pretend that it's punishment. It's one of my sayings that only good boys get spankings. In sessions a lot of people feel they are being disciplined, but for others, like myself, it's just an erotic sensation. The ass is very erotic. People who are into nipple play are not reliving childhood punishment. The very first person who ever called me a sadist was someone I was doing nipple-play with. I still love to do it although I don't fantasize about it. It's the same way with

cock and ball play. I love all the sensation activities which in private play are pain activities. In sessions I do a lot of things that are not painful but definitely are involved in sensation like foot worship.

Golden showers are the same way. If you really have to pee and then you go, the relief feels great. I don't even look at that as humiliation. I feel powerful as I'm doing it but it doesn't mean that the person I'm peeing on isn't powerful. I see it as I'm giving them a gift. Usually people swallow it -- accepting the gift. You can do all kinds of activities that heighten sensation not having to do with pain. For clients that have a golden shower fetish, and that's many of them, it's a very intense physical sensation. When I tell someone there's no sex in the session but I will allow someone to worship my foot or be smothered by my butt, that's the sex for them and I understand that.

### What kinds of scenes disappoint you?

There are some scenes where no energy is being exchanged. I'll be doing what a client said he was into but it's dead. It's like putting batteries in the wrong way, there's no connection. Those types of sessions can be a real drain. That's one case, and the other worst case scenario is where I'm putting a lot of energy out but the other person is just sucking it away. Even if I figure out on





the phone that I like the same activities as the slave when it comes down to the actual scene it's not there. Sometime that's just because it's the first time. Although there was one client who I had two horrible sessions with and I was amazed that he called me a third time. I decided to go through with it and at last there was a connection. He said it was the best session he's ever had and I've seen him a bunch of times since.

#### **What's ideal for you?**

It depends. I'm not attached to any type of activity. I've enjoyed sessions that I wouldn't go for in private play because that person is so passionate about it. That makes it very exciting. Ideally I should feel very energetic about a session.



#### **I've noticed you have a needle collection. How much do you enjoy needle and piercing play?**

As it takes so much energy I only do it rarely. Yet genital piercing is one of my favorite activities. I love to gaze at needles in the entire length of the shaft of the penis . . . sooooo beautiful. I also like to pierce around the corona to create a hedge of needles. I get a touch of blood that way. Yummy.

There are very few clients I do piercing with. That's for clients who are truly into pain and can't have enough of it. I've only branded my initials into one of my slaves thighs. I didn't even know before I did that if I'd be able to do it. I was told I would have to be in top head space to do a branding. I wasn't sure if I could get to that space but I did. My limits would be putting a nail into someone's dick. One client asked for it and I told him to rent the video. I know a mistress who did and it took her half the day to get her energy together. So why should I do that if I'm not going to enjoy it?

#### **What happened that made you first become aware of SM?**

When my parents told me about how they were abused by nuns in Catholic school but then made me attend anyway. They had abolished those practices by the time I attended, thank goodness, but that didn't keep those



nuns from being control-bitches from hell. Beyond the school-girl uniform, which I'm convinced was invented by perverted minds, I used to have fantasies about forcing cops to have sex with me and raping them with their own night-sticks. Yet that was never anything I imagined would really happen. Sadistic thoughts always lingered in my mind but I never had an outlet for my fantasies. After high school I went to a business school and quickly found



myself working as a secretary. My mother thought that would be a good way for me to meet a husband. A flirtatious female co-worker who always liked the gothic way I dressed told me about a fetish ball that was coming up. She was helping to organize it, on behalf of a latex clothing company, and wanted me to be one of their runway models. I enjoyed modeling and loved clothes so I said yes. I spent two days before the show just trying all the different costumes they had. I powdered up my chalk-white skin and bound my body in tight latex. I knew I had to have my own large wardrobe of this dark rubber as soon as possible. Nothing had made me feel so immaculate and beautiful before.

During the show I had a lot of fun doing mock SM scenes with the other models; tying them up and giving spankings with a riding crop. After the show I tramped around the club in my dominatrix get-up and had a few good laughs ordering men to lick my boots and administering spankings. Then I realized it was more than a laugh, I was getting off on it! I went to the play area and volunteered to whip some eager men who were hanging around. The master gave me a few tips on whipping technique, handed me a cat 'o nine tails, and BAM, I was off. The redder their asses got the more turned on I was! I got into a trance and just started flailing and flogging this man who kept yelling for me to hit harder! The play-space master eventually had to grab my arm and tell me to stop. I was dripping with sweat, my nice hair-do ruined; strung all over my face. From that moment on I was hooked. I spent the next few months answering personal ads of submissives and spending all my time at fetish clubs trying to meet sissy-men who would let me beat them. None of the relationships worked out but it didn't matter to me, as long as I could dress up and be mistress of the night!

#### **What was the moment you became an S&M Goddess?**

I wish it was that instant! I answered an ad in one of the weeklies for a small house of domination run by these two lesbians. I became the third girl they had working for them. The first thing they taught me was that I didn't know anything! My apprenticeship began with this guy who had a bug fetish. He would bring in snails, worms, ladybugs, whatever, and then lie on the floor, stomach

down, with his face up and the bug right in front of his face. He'd shout, "I am a worm! I am a worm!" I would then cut the worm in two, then three, then four pieces with my stiletto heels and he would cum just watching it without even touching his dick. The whole scene lasted about ten minutes and I was a hundred bucks richer.

#### **Do you still get requests like that?**

No. I've done some weird shit, and I'm totally into bizarre fantasies... but come on? What was that guy's problem? (laughter). I find that mistresses with true latex fetishes are into sophisticated dominance. Play that's more glamorous with rich clients. I have a huge inventory of latex fetish wear: corsets, nun outfits, maid outfits, nurse outfits, military uniforms, complete latex skin-tight wear for every occasion. I enjoy sharing my collection and dressing up my slaves. A client doesn't have to be rich, to be fun but yes, I still go for glamour. I want the illusion, the ultimate sex fantasy, Cinderella getting it on in a pumpkin... as opposed to toilet training. When I do that I feel like I know what William Burroughs was talking about in the Naked Lunch... seeing what's really on the end of your spoon. I enjoy that sometimes, but only in my most debased of moods. I'm attracted to things that are dark, evil, perverted... I enjoy helping people live out fantasies that society would judge as wrong. But there's a limit. I'm not a psychiatrist and won't act as one if a person needs help.

#### **So you've had negative experiences dealing with disturbed clients?**

No. Most of my clients live normal lives and only want to live out their fantasies for a few hours a week. It's just at that particular house the women running it had a knack





for hooking up with exceptionally weird people. These days I screen out anyone I feel is sketchy on the phone. If I don't want to do it I'm not going to. For the most part I enjoy building relationships with my clients that will grow and we will both enjoy.

#### Could you describe your caning technique?

I order my slave to strip naked before fastening him to an apparatus known as an "A" frame. I secure his wrists at the top with weighty straps; legs spread apart and bound to the frame. If the slave is in for a heavy punishment I must also shackle his elbows, knees and waist. I have a dozen different canes of various sizes and weights, and choose the appropriate one determined by the slaves offense and pain threshold. My favorite cane is a light but deadly instrument with delicate feminine curves. Although steel at it's base I have the cane coated with heavy red rubber so as to match my blood-red latex caning outfit. Because of the severity of this punishment I am attired head to toe, complete with executioners mask, like a red latex machine of punishment. The only flesh showing is through the open slit exposing my eyes. Each blow is powerful and unyielding. I always draw blood and leave long red scars that retain my memory for months, sometimes years.

Like any flogging, the slave, with a clear voice, must count out his blows and thank me with sincerity. If he screams in pain instead more strokes are added. I concentrate on the buttocks and the top five or so inches of the thighs, sometimes overlapping the strokes. I do this until every inch of his ass is on fire and he cries unabashedly.

#### How to you negotiate a bondage scene?

My style of bondage is cruel and foul. Brusquely I take a man into my reserve, contorting his arm behind his back and smacking his cheek. I taunt and frighten him with my clawed glove, tear off his garments and conduct a police rape with my strap-on. My suspects always confess their crimes. Oh, I almost forgot about the rubber cock I slip into my slave's mouth before I face-fuck him into submission. Then I smother his face with my latex-clad ass.

#### How do you feel about slaves who come to you with fantasies they've already worked out?

I will not work from scripts in my sessions. I'm an unpredictable master of improvisation. In high school I had wanted to be an actress and went to several summer acting camps where I learned about staging, timing, the pacing of a scene from deep and vehement to restrained and subtle. I collect and spew out a jumble of emotions. My constant train of thought keeps my slaves off guard to build up their tension. I know my feelings are right and go with them. So much scene-play is acting out my alter egos and those of my slaves. With me every execution exhibits nervous tension and is totally capricious without limitations or mitigating conditions. I am a contemplative role playing dominant marked by my sober sincerity. Nothing gets me wetter than the spirituality of energy interchange. I feel my worst enemies in the fantasy world are those vampiric leaches . . . miserable little worms . . . who do not return the honor I bestow upon them. Reciprocation of energy is essential: I give you mine with pain, you give me yours with obedience. As of late I have been partaking in play with what some call "captive masochists." Slaves who might resist my power while still observing the rules of my game. With these slaves I take





that extra step beyond typical fetishes and combine with my metaphysical energy. My sadistic nature must be appeased. My victims leave the dungeon hurting like hell but are better human beings for it. I still enjoy the occasional groveling slave. If a submissive is sincere I will make him or her my little bitch, introducing them to worlds of fantasies they never dreamed possible.

**So tell me about your web site.**

Well, it's located at [www.ladylatex.com](http://www.ladylatex.com) There are two sections to it. At least there soon will be. One is my wide selection



of Female Domination videos from various video companies. These are all videos I've had recommended to me or have seen myself and approved for sale on my web site. They are all of the highest quality and quite worth the competitive prices I'm selling them at. If a submissive man or women should buy all the videos on my site they would have a library of visual instruction to the art of S&M. Some videos are made by true scene-players while others are more commercial and feature porn models -- but those porn models are really being flogged and humiliated. I don't let any light stuff get by. I've also seen to it that all the sub-categories in the femdom realm are taken care of; from foot worship, bondage, latex fetish, pony training and more. These can all be ordered from the convenience of home, with lots of information on each video, and quickly shipped to my customers. The second section I'm still working on. This is my pay section featuring thousands of amateur femdom photographs. I'm also including dozens of streaming videos and two chat rooms where I'll be making appearances. The main feature will be the live domination rooms featuring my hand-picked crop of cruel cyber-mistresses. I'll also be adding Real-Video short-films of myself and am considering adding a video conference-ing section for my favorite cybersluts. I intend of becoming the lord mistress of cyber-domination. I just get off thinking men are worshiping the very idea of my existence. It's another realm that cannot be explored in-person.

Visit Lady Latex's Fetish Videos:

<http://www.ladylatex.com>



D d V ale



A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a woman's upper body and face. She is wearing a dark corset with large, prominent metal buckles. Her hair is dark and voluminous, framing her face. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her body and the texture of the corset. The overall mood is sensual and vintage.

**D e V a l e**

DeVale



De V ale





**D e V a l e**



# - OVERNIGHTER -

By  
JGleather

I was just inside the door of her home by Teresa, my much more than friend and hostess. She would normally pick me up at the airport, or, at least come out to greet me when I arrived at her home; but today was to be quite different. The door swung quietly open when I got out of the rental car, yet no one appeared! Curious, I walked along the porch to the opened portal and found myself presented with a crotch-stirring sight that until now I'd only been only able to dream about.

My mouth dropped open with astonishment and a welling of pleasure, love, and appreciation, for Teresa stood there before me, a little shyly and smiling tremulously, waiting and watching. She was fully dressed; but over the join of her short, above-the-knee skirt and demure blouse, she wore some very intriguing additions. She was tightly hand-cuffed: her wrists short-chained to each other with the connecting links threaded through the sturdy rings on the front of the wide cinch-belt I'd given her some years ago. Teresa tried to raise her hands, jerking them against their short chain in silent greeting, and smiling teasingly at me in the sure knowledge that her unique greeting and costume was creating exactly the effect that she knew it would. Above her high heel shod feet, her ankles were also cuffed securely, connected by a short chain hobble with another gently swinging chain ascending from its central link to the back ring of her locked-on cinch. Teresa's long and delicate neck was entubed by another of my creations, a thick, wide posture collar that held her head erectly regal.

Behind her, a much sturdier chain was locked to the back ring of the firmly pulled-in waist cinch with a heavy, brass-cased, Master lock and this leash hummed with tension, strung tightly back to the corner of the wall, down the corridor, and into the 'playroom', where another of the heavy locks secured it to a ring in the ceiling. It allowed her to only approach the door; not permitting her to proceed further. Leaning into the chain and getting a last inch of freedom from it, then pulling her wrists strongly against their chain, was the only way that she could reach the door handle with her cuffed hands. She couldn't get out of her own house! Teresa had made herself into a controlled and a heart-quickenning vision of delight, just for me.

This first sight of my Lady, for that is surely what she truly is, in her self-imposed captivity, made me instantly aroused and set the mood for the remainder of my visit. It was a marvelously generous greeting gift and a wonderful surprise. I dropped my briefcase to the floor and swept her into my arms, holding her tightly, both she and I enjoying her struggles against her chains and restraints, holding onto each other tightly, glad to know that we were together again even if only for a short time. I kissed her

sweet lips, feeling them writhe sensuously over mine. It was quite a greeting for each of us.

I've always wanted to try an 'over-nighter', one that I could truly not escape from. Teresa granted me this boon two nights later. It was my turn to be the 'playee' and she slowly and carefully prepared me for my first night as her prisoner.

I wanted to wear my newest equipment, a heavy duty Chastity Belt and Collar that had been created for me by La Ceinture de Chastete. The first piece, the Collar, is a one and one half inch wide, stainless steel construction endowed with substantial restraint rings at the front and back, being secured with two locks, one under each ear. This collar is very snug and controlling and I definitely know that it's there, all the time, whenever I wear it. With the locks closed there is no possible way to remove it and tonight she controlled all of the keys. I gulped nervously against the rigid width encircling my throat while she fitted then fastened it in place, for, connected to the back ring was a sturdy leash chain locked to a handy ring on the bed frame. I was unable to escape, and truth be



© Photo Andreas Dietze - from the video Traum Domina 14

told, unwilling to. At her request; but not command, for our particular dynamic doesn't operate that way, I slowly began to prepare to don my new Chastity Belt.

As this was to be an all night situation, and she had no wish to be awakened in the middle of the night by me, in need of a bathroom break, I rolled on a self-adhesive male catheter, then slipped a series of 1" diameter neoprene O rings along its length. These rings served to immediately enhance the feeling of being bound and controlled, while at the same time locking the catheter in place. I could feel myself swelling and lengthening against them as their compression became more apparent. Now it was time for her to fit the Chastity Belt itself.

This, and most of its components, are made entirely of 1/16 inch thick stainless steel. The first part to be fitted was the Penile restriction Tube, and so she powdered the exterior of the catheter with ordinary Baby Powder, her hand sliding up and down along my O-ring ribbed length, then slipped the thick stainless tube over the end portion of the catheter. The tube at first slipped easily onto me, then she had to slowly and using some force, pull it further up, as the O-rings slid inside, adding even more to my feeling of entrapment. At last the swollen head of my maleness popped out of the end of the tube and she slipped the device tightly against my belly then left me to stand there with the weight of it dragging me downwards.

Now came the waist band: a one and a half inch wide band, neoprene-lined and edged like the collar. It slipped easily into place around my waist and was at first it an easy burden; but I had to suck in my gut when she pressed the ends closer and closer together. They over-lapped, clamping deeply. This first temporary joining had been

easily and quickly accomplished and it cinched my normal 31 inch waist in to a twenty-seven inch oval, squeezing deeply into the flesh and muscles of my abdomen, covering my navel. I could not even twist within the stricture, despite the powdering that she'd applied, so firmly was it welded around my body. Now it was time for the butt plug. This is a six inch long, flexible silicon insertion that plunges deeply up inside and although uncomfortable to accept for the first minute or two, She lubricated it fully then slowly pressed it inside. I writhed and twisted in the 'Belt, trying to ease its entry, then finally it was fully inside. I soon became accustomed to its presence; but was quickly and uncomfortably reminded of it whenever I sat or coughed. Now, she slowly pulled the shield forward between my thighs and I had to wriggle to get the rear strap to slip into position between my buttocks. It pressed firmly between my nether cheeks and against the base of the butt plug and under each cheek I could feel wide, flat-linked chains slip into the crease between them and tops of my thighs. These chains anchored the cool, rigid, and wide shield even more tightly against my lower belly and a quiver of anticipatory nervousness trembled my legs when she pulled it through my widespread thighs. There was a pause while she slipped the drainage tube through the slot on the buttock strap and connected it to the collection bag, then she slipped the penile tube's locking fitting into its slot and continued pulling upwards on the Primary Shield until its top end slipped over the locking and positioning pins projecting from the front and center of the already closed waistband.

Teresa pressed firmly against the layers of the Primary Shield and the overlapping waist cinch straps and they collapsed into a neat, flat joint. She immediately picked up the first of the locks, embedded in their stainless steel anti-tamper knuckles, and slipped it onto the pins holding the joint together, by friction alone at this point, then, holding it carefully, she used her long and delicate artist's fingers to press the shackle of the lock shackle downwards into its brass case. This lock was, at first, held loosely within its specially-designed anti-tamper knuckle; but when it closed, everything aligned perfectly and a second later the entire lock blended into the steel fitting that protected it, closing with a forbidding and final sounding metallic click! The vertically oriented crotch-band pressed deeply into my lower belly, bisecting it neatly with a wide strap of gleaming stainless steel imprisonment.

Lower down on the Primary Shield, the locking pin for the hidden inner penis tube still projected outwards, awaiting its captivity. This was addressed a moment later when she pulled up the Secondary Shield from deep between my thighs and slipped it over the projecting pin. Although this strap may appear to be superfluous, it prevents any tampering with the securing arrangements of the penis tube. It snapped into place with a distinct metallic clack! And she quickly fitted the second knuckle over the pin and closed it firmly. I'd become a complete sexual prisoner within my Chastity Belt. Thankfully, before my imprisonment, she had insisted that I make a last minute trip to the bathroom.

Now came the thigh-bands. These one and a quarter inch wide, quite rigid circles slipped up my legs to fit snugly around my thighs, some twelve inches below the bulge of my hip joint. I felt their presence with each movement



© Photo Andreas Dietze - from the video Traum Domina 14



of my legs when the muscles of my thighs surged against their rigidity of unforgiving steel. They can be joined to each other with a specially shaped 'key' that locks in place between them, and thus hold my thighs closely together. This 'key' may be removed if the wearer is to be permitted more mobility; but it's normally left in place, especially while wearing a skirt or dress. Nobody is ever aware of its or the thigh-band's very limiting presence though, other than that one's walk is slightly restricted and some difficulty is encountered while climbing stairs or attempting to raise the legs too high. Too, when locked together, the assembly makes small metallic noises when there is any leg movement, and so if one is wearing the restraint system in public, you're always conscious of the tell-tale sounds that further inhibit rapid movement. Normal locomotion is easy enough, although the wearing of these restraints does produce a distinct type of pace. Sitting isn't a problem; but the thigh-bands, as is their intention when joined, do not permit one to cross the legs or to spread them above the knees. Running at any great speed, is, of course, impossible. Their small noises and the constant reminder of their hidden control cannot be escaped or ignored. In male attire, I can wear baggy trousers while this key joins my thighs together; but normally I dress without it in place.

Now, I begin to have some inkling of the feelings and sensations that many Middle Eastern women feel when they are locked, some permanently, into this type of sexual control and bondage device. I know for a fact that thousands of women are kept in this type of very personalized restraint by rich owners or jealous husbands, although no one is ever aware that they're held captive in such a stringent manner, thanks to their

concealing traditional robes and their segregation from the outside world. I slowly adjusted to the confining sensations of my bound state, wondering how those women must feel to have to endure being constantly chained and sexually controlled. It's a sobering thought.

In addition to the thigh-bands being locked together, they're also suspended from the waist-band of the Chastity Belt by the same type of doubled, flat-linked chains that pass beneath my buttocks; the chains' lower ends permanently mounted to the thigh-bands, on their outer curves. The suspending chains ascend on the outside of the thighs and are locked to waistband D-rings, thus being completely inescapable once fastened in place. They are long enough to leave approximately two inches of spare links and from their end-joining rings, opened hand cuffs dangle, waiting for my wrists.

Teresa now fitted each of my ankles with two pairs of wrist cuffs, then closed them tightly and severely. Each pair was joined together with a single lock, and between each of these was a short hobble chain of some six inches in length. I was now unable to move away from what she next planned with any kind of rapidity and so she continued to prepare, secure in the knowledge that I was readily available to her. From the central link of the hobble, a twenty-four inch length of thick chain hung, waiting. I shifted my tightly and uncomfortably cuffed legs nervously, feeling the intimate mechanical twitching and tugging of my Chastity Belt, listening to the noises it made in concert with the thigh-bands when they clattered together and shifted against their 'key'.

Arm restriction and bondage was the next item on the agenda and so she held out the shoulder length, tight leather gloves I would wear and drew them up my arms. A minute or two was spent pulling out all the slackness in the gloves and I flexed my entubed fingers within them, enjoying the increasing sensations of bondage. Now, she began to fit my hands into the bondage mitts.

I grasped two spongy balls in each fist while she pulled the mitts onto my hands, then up and over my wrists, locking their straps tightly closed over the joints. Within the mitts, my hands soon tired of clamping on the balls and I relaxed my fingers, allowing the balls to expand inside the mitts, isolating and rendering my fingers totally useless. Certainly, I could close them at any time; but I always get tired, then, soon, again, I'm left with my fingers spread uselessly within their imprisoning, thick, and padded little leather bags. I'd become quite helpless now, and would be made even more so. The situation became even more intense when she lifted the hand cuffs, locked to the ends of their thigh-band chains, then closed them tightly around my already leather-encased wrists, over the mitt sleeves. They ratcheted inwards smoothly, with that delicious zipping sound. A moment later both of my wrists were held against the front of my Chastity Belt with an additional short joining chain. I shifted nervously, pulling my hands and bound wrists against their restraints, testing my limited freedom. I wanted to speak; but I was afraid of the nervousness that would be betrayed by my voice, and so kept silent while she continued my preparation.

A moment later, each of my upper arms was quickly encircled by the narrow strictures of yet another set of cuffs. They too zipped closed with that oh-so-final

ratchetting sound, clamping tightly and deeply into the flesh and tendons, just above my elbow joints. Teresa connected a short chain to one cuff then slowly drew my arms together behind me, pulling them in to my sides, and a moment later had locked the free end of the chain to the other cuff! This was also locked to other D-rings on the back of the waistband, pinioning my arms and hands firmly against my body. Now, there was absolutely no way that I could extricate myself. Within the Chastity Belt's restriction I felt myself grow harder against the strict compression and captivity of the hidden, locked-in-place penis tube and I was more than a little nervous at being unable to escape or touch anything. Leashed and tightly chained, there was no way for me to escape or avoid what she planned to do.

Silently, Teresa gestured to the bed and I sat down gingerly, feeling the multiple tugs and demands of my chains and cuffs, and the deep, intimate plunging of the locked-in butt plug. Now that I was helpless and unable to escape, she removed the collar for a moment then brought out a rubber helmet. It quickly enveloped my head, then was rapidly zipped closed from the crown to the nape of my neck and once she'd tugged out all of the wrinkles and ensured that it was adhering properly, she remounted the collar around my neck, locking the helmet onto my head and face! The drag of the thick chain on the collar, transmitted to the front of my throat and through the thick rubber of the helmet neck tube was intensely intimidating. The leash's cold links trailed down across my back and I shivered from the sensation and slowly mushrooming almost-panic. That wasn't the end of my head bondage though, for now she brought over the heavy gas mask and slipped it onto my head. I gasped and shivered at the feeling of this further rubber restriction

encompassing my face; but she was intent upon her job and quickly jerked the securing straps tight. Inside the mask I was totally blind for the eye ports had been covered with black-out panels. I tried to slow my panicky breathing then felt her connect the air hose. Her hand pressed against my shoulder and I had to lay back on the bed. My rubber-covered head sank deeply into the pillows placed there for it, and I stared up into blackness while she continued, wondering to myself just what the hell I'd gotten into; yet at the same time tremendously excited by my situation. How was I going to manage to sleep with this continued arousal and welling of excitement?

A moment later, my ankles were uncomfortably abraded by their cuffs when she pulled at my legs, dragging them almost straight out. There was another, to me, faint click! and I tentatively tried to draw them upwards; but she'd only allotted me about six inches of slack. My breathing and nervousness at what was to come picked up in tempo. Next, I attempted to pull my hands and arms against their fastenings; but all that happened was that the cuffs around my upper arms ratcheted another two notches tighter, increasing their constriction! My glove-isolated fingers scrabbled uselessly within their mitts, seeming to become numb and unfeeling. Outside, Teresa smiled happily while she went about the rest of her task of fastening me for the night.

Her hand pressed firmly against the rubberized side of my head, rolling it to the side against the insistent, almost choking sensation of the collar's entubement of my throat, then grasped the chain at the back. I felt its links pulling individually through her strong fingers while she drew out the looseness. There was a short pause, then another click! It had been tightened then locked to the bed's headboard. I attempted to sit up; but was able only to raise my head and upper body about twelve inches above the mattress before my back-of-the-collar-fastened leash snapped tight, choking me into submission. At the same time, I'd tried to pull my feet up; but of course they were firmly secured and I collapsed back onto the bed in defeat, rolling against my growing restrictions and almost hyperventilating from the overwhelming sensations. I was utterly helpless and under her control. Wow! What a sensation!

Being the truly thoughtful Lady that she is, Teresa carefully pulled up a light cotton sheet to cover me, leaving only the black-skinned ovoid of my head visible. Phoenix in April has a very mild climate, even at night, and so the sheet was all that was needed to keep me snug and warm. Some minutes later, after completing her own end-of-the-day ablutions, she returned to the bedroom. Safety being first, she settled herself beside me; but not close, then snuggled down into her nest of pillows. I couldn't see or touch her and felt only some small motions while she pulled her sheet up and prepared herself for sleep. The lights flicked out.

"Good night Slave," she whispered from her side of the bed. I felt the cool caress of her finger tips exploring my body while she checked on the security of my fastenings and tried to roll towards her and feel more of her soft tantalizing touches; but being the dominant that she is, she withdrew herself and left me alone, chained securely beside her. I felt her fingers suddenly fasten onto then tug painfully at my nipples and moaned from the pain of the twisting grip that she exerted. I moaned even louder



© Photo Andreas Dietze - from the video Traum Domina 14

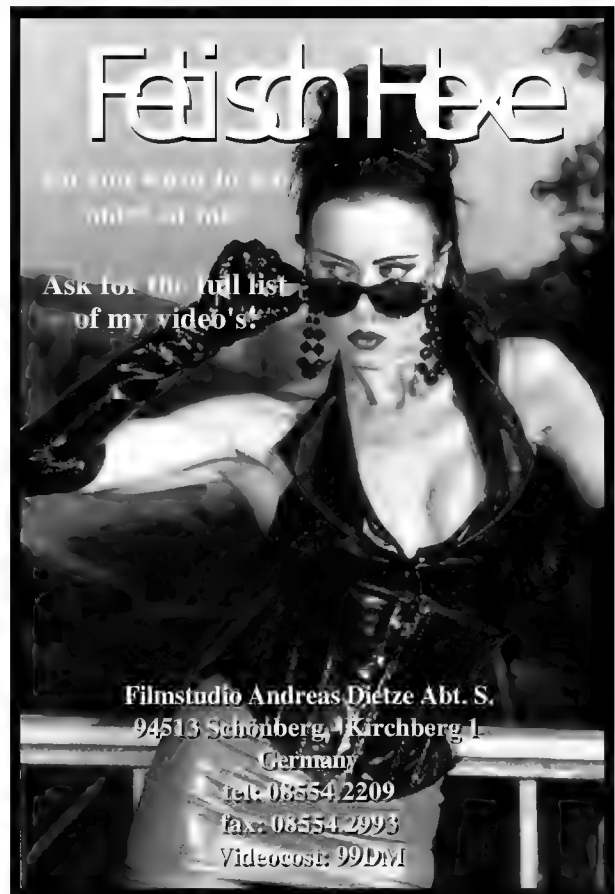
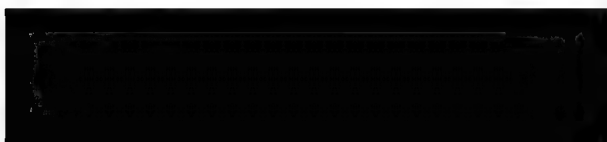


when she slowly clamped each sensitive bud with a pair of surgical forceps! They hurt abominably; but I couldn't get them off!! My nipples slowly turned into burning nubbins and I couldn't stop the continual wails of distress that came unbidden up my tightly collared throat. Now, she began to tug gently on them and I was unable to avoid the agony, trying desperately to arch my body towards her against the restriction of my bed chains. She played with me for a few moments longer, silently enjoying my submission, then stopped, leaving the nipple clamps still firmly attached; now with weights clipped to them and hanging freely. Short moments later she was breathing quietly and serenely as she sank into a well-deserved sleep, content that I was her utterly helpless chained prisoner; available to her as and how she wanted to play with me.

I, on the other hand, lay in a lather of discomfort for a long time, staring out into the all pervading blackness within my imprisoning rubber helmet and mask, contemplating how seriously bound and helpless I was. This was not a dream. I was totally her prisoner. Much later, when she was deeply asleep, I tested my fastenings and securement to the bed again and again and again: pulling my arms against their multiple fastenings, tugging my legs gently against the obdurate leashing chain (it hurt too much to jerk at the fastenings), and trying to writhe away from the intimate restriction of my tightly locked-on Chastity Belt. Too, I tried desperately to get my mitted hands near to the forceps clamped onto my nipples and somehow ease their painful biting; but of course it was no use at all! They were secured to my flesh and locked closed! Even if my hands had been free, I still wouldn't have been able to pull the horrible things off. The thigh-bands were very controlling, keeping my legs strictly together no matter how much I struggled and writhed to separate them. Of course, there was no means of escaping any of my bondage, for Teresa had been very thorough. Eventually, despite the pain from my breasts, I too drifted off to sleep; but it was only a light one, for I couldn't ignore the continual messages of enslavement and capture that my cuffs, collar, helmet, thigh-bands, Chastity Belt, and total helplessness, kept driving into my brain. I don't remember any specific dreams; but the ones that I still have snippets of were wonderfully erotic.

We started my journey at about 10:00 pm and I lasted until seven-thirty the next morning when my helplessness and the pain from my clamped nipples became truly overwhelming. The external catheter was a god-send and permitted her to keep me bound to the bed for the full night. In truth, Teresa could have kept me locked there for much much longer, had she wished to, for I was fully controllable and totally her captive. It was a most enjoyable time, and one that I hunger to repeat at the earliest opportunity. I have another tale from my time in Phoenix to relate. It's about my 'ride' in The Creature. I spent a month within it one afternoon with Teresa at the controls.

J G-Leathers



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# Trevor Baker



Trevor Baker Photography

[www.fetishimages.com](http://www.fetishimages.com)

[photoTrev@aol.com](mailto:photoTrev@aol.com)

P.O.Box 261215

Encino, CA 91426, USA

Voicemail/pager: (626) 455.4016

<http://fetishimages.com> - <http://perkygirls.com>



**Trevo r Baker**

# Trevor Baker



# DNA OF MY LIFE

Story by Hera Sreeba Bell (HBB)

Dedicated to someone in Tel Aviv

I watch Tel Aviv from the tiny window of the aircraft as the plane takes off for Amsterdam. The land that I have called my country since the age of twelve is again behind me: I am leaving Israel to attend a wedding in Europe. For some reason, I always feel nostalgic when I leave my country even for short periods such as this one. This small land that I have fought for, as a soldier, is mine.

My name is Simon. I am a 40 year old Israeli male who was caught between the burning desire to serve a dominant female and the guilt of being different from most males in Middle Eastern culture. I am a mixture of many cultures, since I was born of a British mother and a Jewish father in Istanbul. Nevertheless, I am someone who grew up with secret fantasies of serving a goddess, even though I always played the game of macho man in my daily life.

My expectations from life and relationships started to change when I met Claudia in an Amsterdam club. I never would have stepped into this club in the red light district if it hadn't been for my three male friends who were all Dutch. The club had the usual sex shows. We had some drinks and watched the spectacle until my friends wanted to leave. I felt like staying for some reason since going back to my hotel room seemed unappealing. When they announced the last show of the evening there were maybe ten customers left in the whole place. I was sitting right in front of the small stage when I saw a tall beautiful blonde with blue eyes step up on the stage. Her body was clad in leather although her breasts, with tiny pink nipples, were exposed. She was holding a short bullwhip in her hands. The stage was much higher than our seats, and she stood tall in her thigh-high boots which extended up to her crotch. She looked very majestic over the ten remaining male customers.

I felt my blood rush, and I felt the pain of a heavy erection between my legs caused by her presence.

She asked for a volunteer. No one offered to become her prey. After a moment's hesitation, and with the effect of alcohol in my blood, I had the courage to rise and mount the stage.

She whispered softly: "I will not hurt you. But make sure you listen to my commands. Now, will you go down on your knees after you take off your pants and shirt? You should keep your briefs on."

While I was on my knees, practically naked in front of nine other men, she blindfolded me with a scarf. She began to display to the small audience her prowess with the whip. Throughout the show I felt her hands sometimes touching

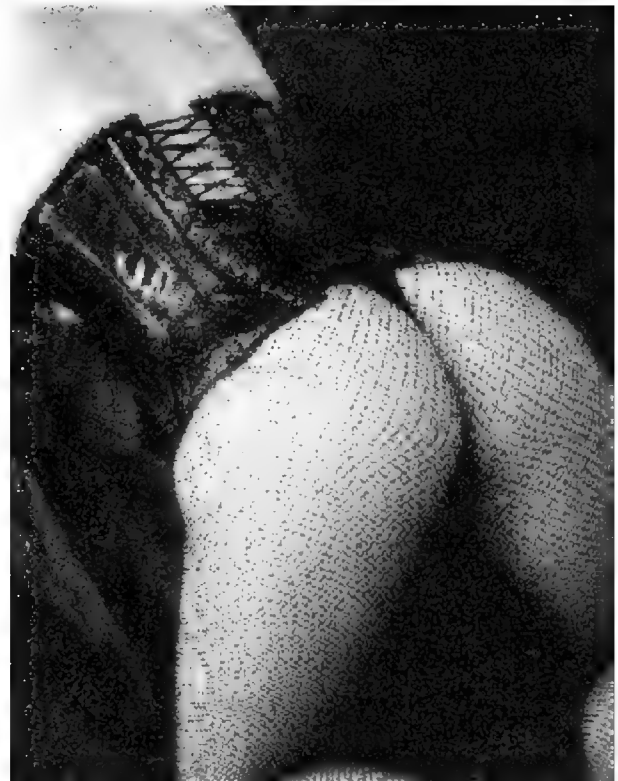
my skin and her feet on occasion pressing on my private parts. Although she never used the bullwhip on me, I felt the breeze and heard the sounds caused by its swift motions quite close to my body. I was happy to be on the stage with her, yet I envied the others being able to watch her while I was deprived of seeing the show. When the performance ended, she told me to get dressed and offered her gloved finger on my lips to kiss. I felt more high than words can describe. She left towards a room behind the curtain, and I ordered another drink. I was sipping my drink when she reappeared at my table. She was now wearing jeans and a simple T-shirt.

"Hi. My name is Claudia. Can I sit with you?"

"Yes." "What is your name?"

"Simon."

"Simon, are you British?"



© Photo by Hera S. Bell



"No, not really."

"Where does your British accent come from then?"

"My mother is British. Can I offer you a drink, Claudia?"

"I do not drink alcohol, but a soda maybe. Tell me, have you played such games before, Simon?"

"No, not really. Never."

"You seem to get aroused by the idea. Your penis was very erect, you know."

"Do you want to know something Claudia? It still is."

She smiled when I confessed that I was still excited and

© Photo by Hera S. Bell - One fine afternoon



she said to me, "Let's go out. I need some fresh air and maybe we can talk more. Do you like good coffee? I need some right now. I know the perfect place, which is still open, and it is not far from the club."

This is how I met Claudia many years ago. That particular night we talked until sunrise. She gave me her telephone number and we got into different taxis which disappeared and separated us in the heavy morning traffic of the city. Amsterdam was waking up, and we were both going to sleep in separate beds contemplating our common dreams. I had to leave Amsterdam the day after without being able to get in touch with Claudia. I wanted to invite her for supper. With the hope of seeing her again I went to the same club where she performed. They told me it was her evening off work. She became the muse of my dreams. A few months later I had enough courage to call her long distance from Tel Aviv. She remembered me and from there on I started calling her twice a week. The summer was coming and I invited her to Israel and offered her a plane ticket—she did not refuse.

We ended up living together in Tel Aviv for four years during which she was my goddess and I became her servant. Through four years of serving Claudia, I discovered other dimensions of my own personality. But during the Gulf War, we each experienced painful separation when I was called back to the Israeli Army to perform my soldierly duties. Somehow, nothing was the same between us when I got back. Claudia kept telling me I had to learn to let out the anger I had accumulated in

the war, but I did not know how. We decided to go our separate ways and promised each other to stay in touch as good friends. Then she returned to Amsterdam. As her plane took off, I knew that my life would never be the same. I now knew I was destined to serve a dominant female. There were practically none in Israel, as all males had to be fighters, not servants. About a year after this, I received a letter from Claudia inviting me to her wedding. As the stewardesses started serving drinks on the plane to Amsterdam, the young lady sitting next to me decided to start a conversation:

"Is it your first time going to Amsterdam?"

"I go to Holland often. And you?"

"I was visiting some family in Tel Aviv. I am from New York."

"My name is Simon. Nice meeting you . . ."

"Debbie. My name is Deborah."

"Are you going back to New York via Amsterdam?"

"Actually, I thought I would maybe stay in Amsterdam for a few days, then leave for New York. And you?"

"I am going to attend a wedding in Amsterdam. My best friend is getting married, her name is Claudia."

"I have never been to a Dutch wedding. Is your friend Jewish as well?"

"No. She is not. It will be a small wedding with 50 guests. Would you go with me to the wedding? That is, if you are staying in Amsterdam anyway?"

"Your friend would not mind?"

"Claudia? Oh! No . . . on the contrary, she would be pleased. She was bugging me when I told her I would attend her wedding alone."

"I would love to go to Claudia's wedding with you, Simon."

It was always easy for me to pick up girls. But to find amongst them a female who was open to my fantasies was the most difficult thing. Most of them hated the dreams I presented to them. They wanted to be in bed with a man who was in charge and always on top, not with a "complaining submissive male." But I had nothing to lose by inviting Deborah to Claudia's wedding. At least I was going to have my own dance partner during supper. Besides, she was a cute Jewish girl from New York. As I watched Claudia walking down the aisle in her pretty ivory wedding gown, I pictured her in the same leather outfit she wore when I met her in the club on stage. She was holding a bouquet of roses now, instead of the bullwhip. I reminisced on our past of four years of living together in Tel Aviv. I saw a chapter of my life coming to an end like a boat drifting away from the shore and I wondered what I could have done differently to be the man waiting for her at the altar to start a new life with his bride. I was not bitter, but I was envious. Deborah had tears in her eyes during the short church ceremony. I asked her the reason for the tiny drops sliding down her beautiful face, but she

refused to comment. She simply held my hand and placed her head on my shoulders when we were sitting in the car going towards the reception hall. I did not dare to ask more, I did not want to know. I was emotional myself for different reasons, and was not ready to share my feelings with a total stranger who was unwilling to share her emotions more with me. We both got submerged in total silence during the ride simply holding hands.

The party changed our moods quite drastically. We danced all night while caressing each other's backs. I introduced Deborah to Claudia. The two females even spent some time alone talking to each other during the course of the evening. It was a friendly gathering where everyone had their share of getting drunk and going wild by dancing on the tables. It was 3:00 a.m. when Deborah and I decided to leave the party. Outside the building my date couldn't stop herself from giving me a passionate French kiss and she offered to spend the evening with me in her hotel room. I did not hesitate to accept. After all, I had been very attracted to Deborah during the whole evening and wanted at last to feel her soft skin in my arms and offer her a night of endless pleasure. When we entered her hotel suite I asked myself, who is this woman I have just met? The room she occupied was the most expensive one in the hotel. I watched Deborah take off her shoes in the middle of the Oriental carpet which decorated the living room. She asked me if I wanted another drink. I refused. Then she smiled and sat on the champagne-colored sofa.

"If you do not want to drink, you can certainly prepare me one, Simon. The bar, as you can see, is on your right side. I want a Grand Marnier on the rocks."

"Didn't you have enough at the party, Deborah?"

"You do what I order you to do, Simon. Are you becoming my father now? You know, Simon, Claudia told me certain things about you which I adored. I have four days to spend in Amsterdam before I return to New York. Would you become my pleasure pet during my stay in this city of sin?"

I had the same type of blood rush which I felt years ago when I was on the stage with Claudia. Was this really happening to me? And this time with a Jewish girl from the United States? I could not help myself from going down on my knees and I cast my eyes down in a submissive mode before her.

"Simon! Did I order you to get down on your knees? No! I ordered you to prepare my drink. I think Claudia was too gentle with you in the past. My commands are real ones. And the disobedient pets get punished. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"I am not a mistress, Simon. You can call me Diva from now on."

"Yes, Diva."

The next morning, when I woke up on the floor at the foot of her queen-sized bed, I did not want to move for a few minutes. The memories of the previous night were still very fresh in my mind: massaging her silky soft skin for hours, then tasting her sweet nectar and giving her

continuous orgasms were some of the highlights of a wonderful evening in this pleasure pet's life. Was this not true heaven for me? I watched motionless the morning sun penetrating through the window and fantasized on the next days with Deborah the Diva. Deborah and I spent a total of four memorable days in Amsterdam. I truly lived out my fantasies in their fullest form with her. She was so natural when she presented her demands to me. It was now 6:00 p.m. This was our last night together. Through unspoken words we both felt the air of heaviness



© Photo by Hera S. Bell - The saga of the Gold Chain

surrounding us. I wanted to tell her so many things, but something was stopping me. She broke the silence:

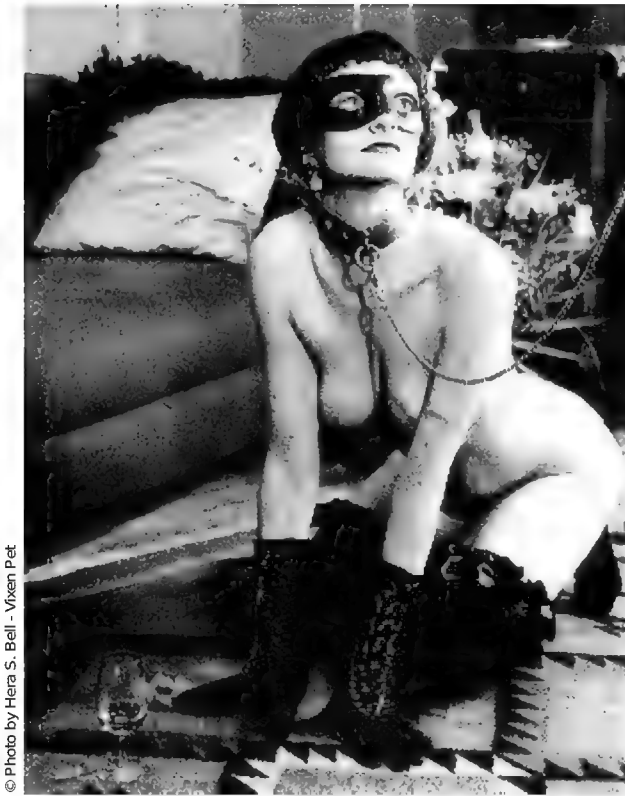
"Simon, tonight you are no longer my pet. I want to feel you in my bed as a man, as my lover, and wake up in your arms in the morning before I leave for the airport. I want to feel your strong body pressing against mine. The game was fun but it is over. I need this from you. Do you understand? Come and hug me, Simon."

I hugged her as I had never hugged another woman before. Through passionate kisses I felt what I had never felt before. I was falling in love with Deborah. I was scared to lose her as I had lost Claudia. For the first time in my life I let myself go and tiny tear drops started to glide from my puppy eyes.

"Deborah, don't go. Please, I need you."

"There are things, Simon, the paths of which we can't change. You are a wonderful, caring man. Probably the only man with whom I found such meaning in the four days we spent together. I shall never forget you. But I have to go tomorrow."

"I have to ask you this. If not I will never forgive myself for the rest of my life. Will you marry me Deborah?"



© Photo by Hera S. Bell - Vixen Pet

"Oh! Simon, we barely know each other. Although I should not say this, you probably got to know me better than anyone during these four days. Let's leave things as they are. We have had a magical time in this city."

"Will I see you again?"

"I can't promise you that. Life is too short."

Two years after this I married a woman named Donna. My wife was a beautiful twenty-five year old Israeli girl. She was not what many would call a true dominant female, yet she accepted my fantasies and she did not mind my seeing Claudia once in a while to get my frustrations out by playing servant with her for a few hours during business trips in Amsterdam. By this time Claudia was divorced and my wife was pregnant; Donna and I decided that she should deliver our baby in New York. I had dual citizenship and we wanted to continue this tradition with the baby. My best friend arranged a meeting with one of the best gynecologists in the city, whose name was Doctor Greenberg. Donna and I entered the doctor's office in Manhattan. He was a gentleman in his fifties. After we took our seats, I got the shock of my life. I felt the same blood rush which I had felt only twice before, except that this time, there was no erection. I saw a photo on Doctor Greenberg's desk and Deborah's face was right there, staring at me. I couldn't help asking a direct and personal question of the doctor.

"Doctor, are you married?"

"Yes, I was, and I have two kids."

"Was? What happened to your wife, Doctor Greenberg?"

"She died almost a year ago from cancer."

I thought at that particular moment that the world was collapsing around me. I had to make sure the photo was of his wife, so I asked with a trembling voice, "The photo of the lady in this frame is your wife's, Doctor?"

"Yes. Do you know Deborah?"

"Oh! No," I exclaimed.

"Do you know her?" The Doctor asked again.

"I met her two years ago on the plane from Tel Aviv to Amsterdam. I think."

"That was her last trip to Israel. We were expecting her to take a direct flight from Amsterdam, but she called and told us that she would love to stay a few days in Holland. We knew back then that she was sick. She was so young to die. She was the most gentle person that I ever met in my life, so caring and such a good mother to our children. I still miss her every day. Anyhow, enough about my sadness. You are young and your wife is going to have a baby and I will deliver it for you."

That day I left the Doctor's office, barely able to prevent myself from crying. Since then, each year I place flowers on Deborah's grave when I travel to New York on business. Deborah the Diva lives in my memory with a different image than she does in Doctor Greenberg's. We are two men who loved the same woman in two different ways: she was his wife, the mother of his kids; for me, she was my dream goddess that I had for only four days.

As a man who has lived through wars as a military officer, as someone who spent weeks as a blindfolded and tortured prisoner of war without knowing if he would ever see daylight again, as the father of a beautiful son, as a CEO with authority in the corporate world, as a passionate man who always wanted to serve a goddess, today at the age of forty I realize that nothing is forever. We should take all good around us and treasure it with gratitude. As Deborah said, "life is too short." Hers was! She knew it. And she decided to live all her dreams in their fullest form only when she learned that God was taking it all away from her.

About the author: Formerly known under her pen name Princess Sheeba, Hera S. Bell resides in Montreal Canada. Her articles, stories and artistic photography are published in various international publications around the globe. She has been an active member in the fetish scene with her husband for over eleven years. To view her art and photography you can visit her web site at:

<http://members.xoom.com/HeraBell>

<http://www.st.rim.or.jp/~tku/PrincessSheeba/index.com>

Hera S. Bell, 3539 Blvd. Charles suite #271, Kirkland, Quebec, H5H 5B9, Canada.

email: herabell@mailexcite.com

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# SELF RESTRAINT

## An art, science and dangerous game

by Jim Stewart

Jim Stewart, formally a theatre and TV director has, for the past ten years, been studying "Role Play and Fantasy Fulfilment in Real Life" and is an expert in restraints. He founded the company "Fetters" in 1976. They are now an internationally known manufacturer of all types of restraints and dungeon equipment with workshops in London and San Francisco. He recently wrote a small pocket book called "So I like to get tied up - So what?!! After rereading it I thought that it might be interesting to let you read some of it in Secret. More information at the end of this article.

Jürgen Boedt

Auto-bondage or self-applied restraint as a topic deserves a whole book to itself! All it will get from me here is a nod plus a couple of nudges in the direction of other sources of information.

It's where most people start - at least those who trust their instincts. Practical solo experiment in some form or other is a common story when there has been an early, unfocussed urge and no one to share it with. Conscious motives are often confused or non-existent at the time. In most recollections about pre-pubescent self-applied lacing up, wrapping round, tying down, wriggling into self-applied restraint, the motive only became clear at a later date. Stories of early efforts exchanged in Bondage Group discussions usually fall into predictable categories. Here I'm not going to analyse, formalise or speculate on WHY the need strikes the young and innocent. Even the juvenile HOW is irrelevant here; adult techniques and safeguards are under review. Recalling juvenile technical achievements is only important now if an experiment went disastrously wrong and left an emotional scar. Having one's guilty secret game playing discovered can leave its mark on future behaviour. In hindsight one can only ask if it was really so terrible as it seemed at the time ... or does fear of discovery remain part of the 'buzz'?

The need to feel confined/restrained can stem from various emotional prompting. The urge to have a good struggle or relax in comfortably snug body hugging tightness is usually part of a complex mental chemistry. Nothing particularly unusual, just part of the personality. If warm dark isolation is attractive, it is no more than the adult equivalent of a child pulling the blankets over the head; perhaps demonstrating the need for a private undistracting space where thinking time can be enjoyed with reinforced concentration; alternatively, where an exhilarating thrash around might defuse a build-up of frustrations. The motives behind the need are for the individual to consciously deal with ... or not deal with, as they choose.

The HOW rather than WHY of self-applied bondage alone would take more space to explore than is available here. Elaborate processes are complicated to document. Meticulous preparations and strenuous gyrations are

often employed to achieve what is only an illusion of inescapable bondage. Expendng all this energy knowing that a way out must always be available strikes a lot of people as being a pointless exercise. For those who need to feel the feelings, the ingenuity is often part of the 'buzz'. Sometimes, consciousness of the risk involved is also part of the game; a dangerous part. Living on the edge is all very well, but ... !

Repeated experiment enables some people to achieve a degree of restraint that demands the added spur of desperation to escape successfully. Risk factors are carefully identified in David Steins' two-part article in BOUND & GAGGED. Here the main point I'm making is that such activities are common practice; a natural gymnasium for many people who have found no opportunity for shared experiences (so far) or who deliberately choose the solo path.

Playing solo by choice rather than through lack of playmates has advantages. It avoids the need to compromise on personal preferences. This may sound selfish but here we're talking about a special kind of self-indulgence. Accommodating other people's tastes, pace or level of intensity takes the exercise into a different realm. Shared experiences can be great, but private indulgence allows us to explore ourselves. It may leave us aware of what was missing. It may encourage a sharper focus on the direction of our needs. Time spent alone is valuable to the creative process; any writer or artist will confirm this. The effort to assemble the means of self-applied restraint, then set aside the time to embark on a sensual, technical process, working towards a predetermined goal is an exercise in self-discipline. To achieve a sense of helplessness or immobilisation but still remain in control is, unquestionably, a fantasy situation. In theatre the 'Willing suspension of disbelief' is necessary to acceptance of the illusion before us. In our 'Theatre of the Mind's Eye' (which is how I often describe the process of generating a jerk-off fantasy) creating the effect rather than the reality can be extremely potent. The presence of other characters who's input may be out of tune or timing with the illusion we are trying to create, can be a distraction. However, there is a middle ground.

The unobtrusive presence of another person during such activities can allow exciting extensions of the self-induced experience. Having someone within calling distance in case of emergency; having someone to tighten a final strap and then withdraw for a pre-agreed time while still monitoring your well-being; both situations are a healthy extension of an essentially self-determined bondage experience. From a safety angle even when elaborate self-release mechanisms are part of the intellectual exercise, someone unobtrusively in attendance allows greater freedom to explore practicalities and impracticalities of self-applied restraint and self-release. Certainly it makes first experiments with time locks or more rudimentary devices such as candles and ice more safe.

Trusting to technology in self-applied bondage situations is strongly advised against by most practised enthusiasts. Electrical timers, set to open at the required time certainly also need to open if the power goes off, rather than stay closed. Rigging keys to drop when the hands of a clock reach a certain point depend on the clock not losing power or the clockwork running down. Ice as a release mechanism can be unpredictable as far as the time is concerned. Even a combination padlock closed in the dark leaving someone chained until it becomes light enough to read the numbers depends on remembering to open the curtains so it does eventually get light... and having your glasses handy if you need them to see the numbers!

Possible dangers of self-applied restraint are many and varied. Awareness of the potential dangers, limitations and consequences especially in terms of circulation and ability to breathe need to be learned. Obviously, early experiences should be as risk-free as possible, preferably with someone on hand to deal with emergencies. However, you may decide that, although such help is at hand, it need not necessarily be given. An available get-out option can inhibit the learning process. Experience of panic situations and unplanned for problems provide valuable lessons. Learning to deal with the unexpected is part of this particular game. When a planned escape suddenly turns out to be impossible... it's amazing what additional resources a person can summon up, as the situation becomes intolerable. However, all such lessons are best learned when help is on hand... even if it is deliberately being withheld. Being allowed to discover the additional personal resources desperation can bring is a valuable experience. Sometimes, knowing help is on hand can be counter productive. The balance of risk-taking and practical precautions is a matter for both parties in such a scenario to explore together... but self-determination is very much the name of the game under discussion.

Totally escape-proof self-applied restraint is a fantasy objective sought by many. This can, in fact, be achieved but brings with it a dangerous element of risk. For someone completely alone to lock on restraints which allow for no change of mind and no possible let-out... having previously arranged for outside help to arrive and release at a specific time is a game of serious intensity. This affords experience of anxious time spent alone and unmonitored in totally escapeproof restraint for a maybe unpredictable period... with absolutely no opportunity for backing out. Knowing that some reliable person is due to arrive and end the session at an agreed time (all being

well!) is a Head-trip in itself. If the agreed time is slightly flexible, clock-watching or blind time guessing is immaterial. Dealing with the inescapable situation becomes the name of the game. Obviously the restraint needs to be generally safe as well as escape-proof. Time spent in such serious alone-ness can be unexpectedly traumatic for the trapped person. The risk of fire, flood or earthquake is a real factor which some self-applied bondage game-players are willing to accept... at least until they've had to deal with the serious possibility. Wondering whether the person due to arrive may forget, lose the key to your door or be hit by a truck does certainly add another dimension to scenarios I am describing.

Many knowledgeable people will be incensed by my suggestion here and vehemently say "do not in any circumstances!". I say "Never say never... but be aware of all the risks". Then if risk taking is part of the 'buzz' and you're an intelligent responsible adult, you should be free to choose, just as when you choose to go hang-gliding, bungee jumping or to get married. All are calculated risks... you take all possible precautions... then enjoy the gamble.

Self-applied restraint miscalculations feature regularly in the tabloid press with predictably contemptuous comments. Death by misadventure features with depressing regularity in Police records. AUTO-EROTIC FATALITIES, a book compiled from F.B.I. records contains bizarre accounts of failsafe escape routes that failed. As in planning a crime, the unexpected must always be expected. Available safety advice should be taken very seriously. Even the most simple omission in planning can result in embarrassing revelations when you're forced to phone a friend or knock on a neighbour's door semitrussed-up. In such circumstances better a red face than a dead bondage bunny.

How responsible is a publisher if detailed suggestions (even in the form of fiction) result in someone following a described path and coming to a sticky end? This is something I have often discussed with magazine editors. The argument that publishing information can tempt people to play in dangerous waters is easily countered by the fact that many people will play intuitively but often are totally unaware of the necessary precautions. Availability of information can be extremely valuable to them. Objective advice based upon experience is certainly safer than a conspiracy of silence.

Technical details of self-applied restraint processes have always fascinated me. I have compiled a dossier of described self-applied restraints but it is not comprehensive. On paper detailed description can be as complicated as choreographic dance notation. Home videos of people resolutely putting themselves into, rolling around in and (hopefully) getting out of tight corners are instructive and occasionally hilarious. The extraordinary range of ways different people invent to achieve a sense of restraint is worth exploring.

More information from:

Fetters Europe, Unit 2B, North Building, Westminster Business Square, Durham Street, Vauxhall, London SE11 5JH, England

Mister S. - Fetters, 310, Seventh Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, USA.

# Readers Letters

Dear Secret magazine

I wrote to you on 18th January 1999 to order a copy of issue 11 of your magazine. Unfortunately this was intercepted in the post and seized by British Customs, who informed me that knowingly importing indecent and obscene material could result in heavy fines or imprisonment. I was very shocked by this, and will not leave myself liable to such penalties by ordering from you again. To prevent others from finding themselves in this position, I think your advertisements should say that your publication is considered obscene by the British Customs, who will seize it whenever they can detect it. Please do not contact me again, I have no wish to find myself subject to criminal proceedings, so I want nothing to do with your organisation.

Yours,  
G.M.A

Well, these are the kind of letters I get often, sadly enough. But I would like to state out to this Sir that I do explain in my magazine, that it's likely that our magazine will get seized if opened by customs. As some of our subscribers know, I even post them from inside England now, to avoid this, but one-off's are too difficult for me to send by separate mail. The law's in England (and Canada) make it that's quite impossible for readers to import my magazine. I just hope that with time, and with the Europe union, all of this will soon be forgotten.

Dear Jürgen,

I have today received the OCR machines technical manual you mailed me and I must confess it is the best periodical of it's genre.

Congratulations in your outstanding triumph on the stupid customs people and I am envious of your superb ingenuity. I have now found another source for your magazine. Receive my best regards.

Well, as you can see, I do try to send you the magazines in a different way. By stating "OCR manual" on the cover, customs let it go by as they think it's some book on machines or so. This proves that it is possible to send from the continent to England. I thought that these two letters were so contractitatory that I just had to print them.

## Broken Tongue\*

I want to be trapped, tight, inside a body, your body, the body of a 18-year-old-girl made subject to every single desire of filthy men with their muscular cocks. Men with hairy fists and uncontrollable anger. Men who never bathe. Never apologise. Never sing in the rain. Whose knuckles taste like my blood. Men who fuck girls like me inside the blank spaces, where there isn't even enough air to breathe. To scream. I want men to watch me, bleeding, in a cage. Every night I pray, starving, for such a man to see that I am his girl. I want to choke back tears.

Cough.

I want to stand on dark street corners in the middle of the night until 1 am dead. Man after man pulling my face up out of their crotch. Man after man pulling their cocks out of my mouth. Shoving me, body and soul, out of their station wagons. I want police reports to call me Jane Doe. I want the coroner to misidentify my body. I want him to kiss me. To cut me into small pieces so that my parents beg forgiveness. I want to hear trains rattling the tracks. In my ears. Trains roaring. Trains mad at the world. I want my sister to love me like no other. I want to lie down underneath the Birmingham Street Bridge on the Southside of Pittsburgh, and wait for them-one by one-to come for me. I want to be able to say the names of each of my lovers aloud to Saint Peter. I want Saint Peter to smile, nod, maybe shake his head a little, and then open the gates.

I want God to see me.

\*Written, originally, by some lost boy in 1957. Translated from bone and desire by my beloved Lisa,

Origins unknown.

I felt such sadness, loneliness in this text, he was desperate for love and affection that he wanted to be destroyed. This often happens in this cruel world and if anybody out there feels shit, down... well write me! You can always count on me. As Bowie once sang "you're not alone!"





# THOUGHTS WHILE WEARING A MASK

I lay in bed, naked with the mask on waiting for you. I am wearing the wrist and the ankle shackles and the chains clank and jangle when I move. The metal is cold where it touches my skin. I have pulled the covers over the keep warm and to hide my shame.

Yet the shame is mixed with passionate excitement because I cannot do without this strange intimacy, and it is all the closer because I cannot share it with girlfriends. I have come to need these ravaging; to be taken regardless of my anxiety and shyness.

I can see a little light through the mask, but only by looking sideways or down. I can see nothing straight-ahead. In my mouth is the gag from the first mask. It is large and cumbersome and fills my mouth, keeping my jaws apart. My mouth aches from being held open and my tongue forced back, so that I cannot easily swallow.

I drool, but fortunately behind the mask, no one can see.

Between the darkness and the clanking of chains when I move, I am forced to remain still and pay attention to every noise.

Both the T.V. and the radio are playing so that sounds will not be heard outside the apartment. The jumble of transmitted music and voices is sometimes interrupted by a commercial jingle or by the sound effects of a telephone or dogs barking. These convincing noises startle me to panic, but soon the comfortable sounds of jazz return, after the commercial break.

Under the covers I use my fingers to push and squeeze the pencil like bundle of nerves that connects to the clitoris. By pleasuring myself, I forget the subtle imprisonment.

I am excited that you will soon walk through the door and order me to "present" with my ass in the air. Perhaps there will be a moment or two of tenderness, all the more sweet since I cannot speak or respond.

Perhaps there will be a few gentle words before you snap yourself and me into the Master and Slave relationship.

And your cock will be hard and excited.

Once you had laid your heavy leather coat on me and then lay on top so that I could feel the solid firmness of your cock as I sank beneath the weight.

Lying there, I remember these exciting moments. They make the waiting bearable.

"No buttplug, " you had told me, "because I want to use the whip and my hand on your pussy and inner thighs and the plug gets in the way. I don't want to deprive you of that training."

I remember the tone of your voice as you say it: hushed and self-controlled. You were excited.

"Any other instructions?  
"Everything out and waiting for me."

I waited, holding my breath, hanging on your words. Sometimes you can almost read my thoughts. Everything you impose is also wanted by me. Everything you inflict corresponds to my fantasies. I have become your willing accomplice in this elaborate ritual. We are profoundly partnered.

"I will do what has to be done." Your voice has a cold ring to it as if you were correcting a small, naughty child.

I sank into myself as you said the words, becoming that small, naughty child, as well as the grown-up submissive that begs for punishment. It was me who wrote the contract, asking you to become the Master at least once a week.

I review this morning's conversation again. You had said nothing about whether I would be allowed to touch myself in an intimate way, and so I press my fingers into the hard knot of nerves and feel the sensations run up and down my thighs.

The radio crackles and interrupts my thoughts and nervously I search the room through the narrow band of light that I can see at the edge of the blindfold. I have forgotten to close the door to the closet and my coat, still wet from the outside rain, is lying across a chair. Perhaps I should get up and straighten up the room before your arrival. Perhaps not. You might walk in at any moment.

There is a hot, sticky wetness between my thighs, a tingling anticipation.

The toys are laid out. The big black plug with the KY jelly ready for when you decide to use it. The whip with the braided handle. Two paddles. The dreaded cane. Two sets of nipple clamps. Somewhere I have lost the third set.

I just hate to lose things. Would rather that I gave them to a needy friend. I know Colleen could use them.

The new red dildo that is just the right degree of stiffness and holds the heat, and the vibrator and coke bottle that you had told me to bring so that I could demonstrate to you how I use it when I'm alone.

That has been my favourite weekend fantasy recently: that you are demanding me to show you how I shove the bottle into my hot pussy, and then how I shift it around and push it up against the sensitive spots, front and back.

"Push harder," you are saying in my head, and of course,

I push it into my throbbing cunt. You command me to spread my legs wide and push still harder, twisting it in as far as it will go. You tell me to use the vibrator, and make it as pleasurable as possible, while holding back my orgasm. "Hold it inside until I tell you. "

In my fantasy, you are slowly counting. Sometimes you tell me to get a butt plug, just as you order me to do when we're together. Sometimes you will tell me that you will tie me down and use the cane, or use me as a receptacle for

your pleasure. I am docile and obedient to your wishes. I delight in your watching and controlling. Your excitement adds to my own and pushes me over the edge into a throbbing, overwhelming orgasm, like a great force that I can no longer resist. Perhaps, this time, we will play out that fantasy.

Perhaps not.

This much I know. You will be excited. You will come inside me. We will become one as you spank me with your hand; kissing, slapping, scorching, cuffing my tender pussy with your fist. You will declare your devotion by marking me with the cane, and with the alibi of doing this at your command, I will taste the alarming pleasure of it.

I will belong to you. I will be loved and understood. I will be true to myself. I will grow stronger by it and our relationship will grow and evolve to a higher, closer place. We'll live our symbiotic dream.

You represent a world to me; a world that could not be born until you arrived.



## I've enjoyed wearing diapers and wetting myself

I've enjoyed wearing diapers and wetting myself since my earliest childhood memories. Here's a story of what happened to me a couple of weeks ago.

I awoke to my boyfriend, Jason, yelling at me and pointing to where my diaper had leaked and soaked the sheets on our bed. I had drunk a lot of water the night before, and had been catheterised and diapered before going to sleep.

As I tried to calm Jason down and explain that I would change the sheets, he grabbed my wrist and spun me around on the bed pinning me face down. He told me that since I had wet the bed like a baby, he was going to make me cry like one also. Within seconds, he had yanked the diaper I was wearing off, and shoved it in my face. Then while pinned down face first in my sopping wet diaper, he began spanking me viciously. As promised I was soon crying and begging for relief. I had completely lost track of how many times my ass was smacked; but I was becoming aware of how turned on I was? I raised my ass in the air a bit to better receive my spanking, and noticed that my catheter was still in, and was dribbling piss onto the bed, soaking the sheets even further.

It was then, that Jason stopped spanking my severely reddened ass, and manoeuvred himself behind me. A second passed and he shoved his nine and one half-inch dick into my asshole with one thrust. I screamed, and he grabbed both wrists bringing them far up behind my back, further pinning me into the soaked diaper, and began pumping into me at a very fast and hard pace. I managed to turn my head so I could see that, with every thrust into my ass, piss would shoot from the end of my catheter. The sight was too much for me to stand, and I went over the edge, cumming like a banshee.

That was the last thing I remembered as I had passed out and woke up sometime later feeling very confused. I was alone in the room, and had been changed into a fresh diaper; though I knew I still was wearing the catheter, because I was somewhat wet. Within a couple of hours it would be soaked to the point of overflowing. I would have thought that I had dreamt the entire episode, but I could clearly feel the lingering, and considerable burn on my backside. Thinking of that spanking made me horny again, and I was looking forward with anticipation, of what may yet come that night when Jason returned from work that evening.....

pauly



# PANSEXUAL REALITY

I slipped the ropes around her waist. Pulled them tight and took the working end and ran it between her legs. I could almost see her lips engorge as the rope cut deeply in between her labias. I felt my cock swell in communication with her lust. Slipping my hand down I felt the wetness. My own pussy sighed in joyous communication and her cock hardened in my hand. I felt my nipples turn to hard little berries as the cock in my hand became rigid. The ropes that had run through her labias now are tightened on the base of his cock. He moaned, a soft mixed moan, one that showed the attempt to understand what was happening. I rubbed my wetness against him and moaned in return, as I stroked my cock and rubbed my clit. We were both lost in the intensity of our metamorphosis.

Something in this room allows this to happen. We do not even attempt to question, much less understand. My hand returns to my sex, only to find I have changed again. Now my breasts are large, full and firm. I rub them against the slave, the victim of forces unexpected, except by me. Slave now has a cock and breasts. "Haven't you always craved breasts like these" I whisper in the soft shell of her ear. Her cock swells even more and I reach for it. By the time my hand arrives at the center of his sex, I once again find labias. I offer my cock to her mouth and her tongue on my clitoris sends an electric shock through me. I moan and pinch my nipples, then his. I pinch hard and they soften and small breasts now fill the cup of my palm. The curve of the back, the shape of the ass is now feminine. Her mouth on my clit makes me delirious for cock and I feel myself harden and my cock puts a small drop of dew in his mouth. He moans again, lost in the rapidity of the changes.

Master please, allow me to come. I have never had a pussy before. "I know that slave" is all I say, feeling my pussy twinge in response to the plea. Slave pushes her pussy into my hand and I feel the wet desire raging. I slide a delicate, feminine finger inside and rub my own clit. Slave's hand is untied. "Stroke my cock now slave" I command and the slave's hand drops to my cock. Now his lips are red and full and they are saying please please, over and again. I kiss her full on the lips and pull on her long flowing mane of jewel black hair. Her tongue craves the tip of my cock. I know and I crave her cock. I kiss across the softness of her cheek and down her throat. I play with the small manly nipples, barely large enough for the clamps I am applying. I run them from the tip of his nipples to his ball sack and tighten them viscerously. Then I run the chain to the tip of his clit and back to her earlobes. This transmigration of body and soul completely takes my



slave. I no longer know if I am male, female or all points in between. My cock is pussy. My slave is woman. My slave is man. She swallows my cock and my pussy juice runs down his strong chin. His cunt is open, aching to be full. This room has us both in our minds and in bodies the slave never knew; slave's body and mine.

I know this room. I know how it feels to have both a cock and pussy and feel flesh transform in lust and mad desire. Many times I have felt my breasts enlarge at my own will. Many times I have placed slaves in these bonds, the bonds of their own rampant sexualities. I have felt them slip into this pansexual power. I have observed their bodies shudder and shift to the very essence of their sex and persona. Now I untie his pussy, pull the ropes harshly from around his balls. With my fingertip, I flick the drop of procreation from the head of her engorged cock and then I pinch hardened nipples while the slave looks at me through eyes both male and female. I hear the soft woman tones begging again, please let me come, I have never had a pussy before and I pinch up and down the lips and stroke her opening. His eyes roll back and the soft tone again begs, please Master please. But now I am Mistress,

with eyes flashing and my breasts heaving through my tightly corseted attire. Mistress with pussy inflamed and I want cock and her pussy is becoming hard and firm and I stroke the length of his shaft and tease him with my mouth. I hear my own soft woman voice say, "you will wait until I am fulfilled, slave" and I hear his deeply aroused, throaty growl, thank you Mistress.

Oh yes, this room challenges our very conceptions of our self. My cock is hard again, her pussy is open. I tied him to a standing cross and put clothespins all along his pussy lips and up to the tip of his cock. I rub my cock against his belly and feel my power and myself shifting once again as my pussy opens in a pulsing rhythm. I kiss down her belly, while my hands fondle her full breasts, making her moan, making her crave permission to release. My full, red lips now brush past

her cock, down to the base, down to the swollen clit that begs for Master's attention. I pinch and pull on her outer lips. I slid my tongue in between her legs. Her soft thighs part and my hard cock enters his pussy. Please Master please, I am begging, my pussy needs to come, please Master. My long nails dig in her lips, I pull and she kisses my throat. I run my strong hands through her short hair as my deep-throated womans' voice says, "you may come slave". I feel him start to shake and his pussy swells with the pace of my entrance. she is racked with passions unknown to those who do not know this room. She is lost in a pansexual world of her own cock and pussy and breasts and ovaries and hormones and balls and skin and hair and all that is he and all that is she. My cock swells, my pussy gushes, my nipples harden. I fall against his chest and struggle to keep my balance. It is all balance. The passions reside within. We are all things. We are all that is sexual. We are all sex. I wipe a small tear from his cheek and tenderly kiss his lips.

As we leave, I hand you the key to this remarkable room.

Master R. from La Domaine Esemarr.



## Duncan Gutteridge









# Duncan Gutteridge



Duncan Gutteridge is, as you can see from these pages, a gifted and very talented artist. He can not be compared with any other artists, as all artists are unique. He also offers the fetish adepts to realize their fantasy by drawings it for them., so, if you would like to commission this artist, you can contact him at: 15 Wokindon Road, Chadwell St. Mary, Grays Essex, RM16 4QT, England.

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